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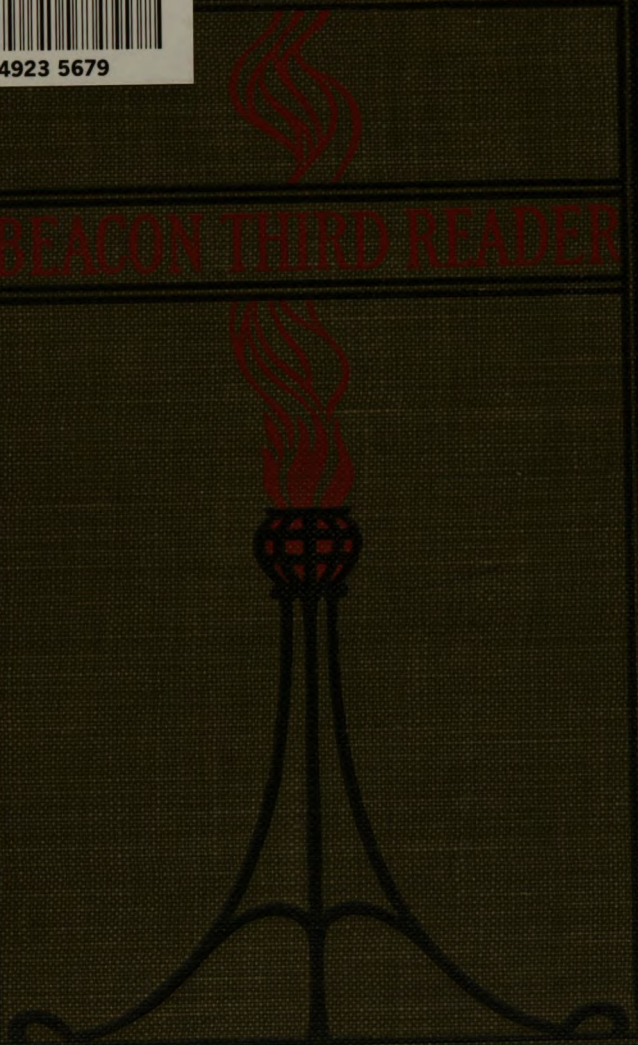
BEACON THIRD READER



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THE
BEACON THIRD READER

BY

JAMES H. FASSETT
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
CHARLES COPELAND

DEPARTMENT OF
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PREFACE

The author has endeavored in this series to present some well-beloved stories as they have been handed down through generations of story-telling people for the delight of their little ones. That these stories have been told again and again is no disadvantage, but is one of their chief charms. Indeed, the fact that they have been retold is proof that they were worth telling in the first place.

Children at this age are naturally dramatic. They yearn for tales that possess some plot or clever turning point. They are not satisfied with, and even turn in disgust from, stories of the strictly narrative or "informational" kind. They crave stirring scenes with animated conversations, while the stories in which animals possess the attributes of man particularly appeal to them, possibly because of man's close association with animals during the ages of his development.

There are many classic stories full of dramatic incidents and vividly interesting to the child; but the difficulty in using them arises from the fact that they are written in a form suited to older readers and that they seldom have been adapted, so far as vocabulary or style is concerned,

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to the reading power of children. Moreover, it is unfortunate that when the attempt has been made in the past to simplify these old stories, they have frequently been so mutilated that much of their real flavor has been lost.

In this reader the aim has been to retain, as far as possible, every dramatic part of the original and to modify the scenes and incidents only so much as was absolutely necessary to bring them within the reading ability of the average child in his third year of school.

It has therefore been the hope of the author that in collecting and adapting the folklore tales, the old legends and stories, whose origin is hidden among the mists of the ages, he not only is giving the child such literary food as his nature craves but is offering an easy road to the mastery of reading.

The last sixteen pages of the Third Reader are devoted to phonetic tables. These tables serve to keep fresh in the minds of the children the phonic principles already developed, and in addition smooth the way toward the mastery of three-syllable words. They should be used for rapid drill at least once a week during the third school year.

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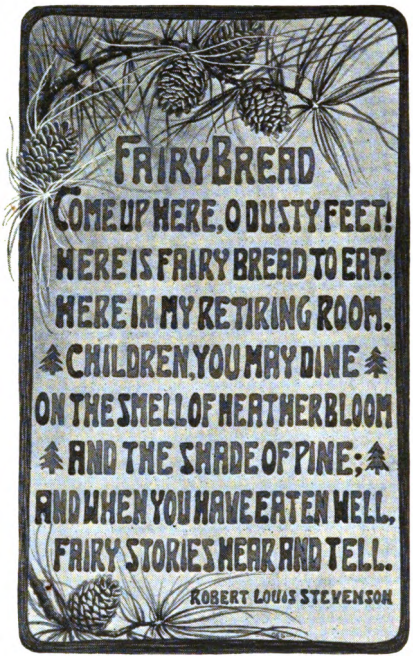
FAIRY BREAD
COME UP HERE, O DUSTY FEET!
HERE IS FAIRY BREAD TO EAT.
HERE IN MY RETIRING ROOM,
CHILDREN, YOU MAY DINE
ON THE SMELL OF HEATHER BLOOM
AND THE SHADE OF PINE;
AND WHEN YOU HAVE EATEN WELL,
FAIRY STORIES HEAR AND TELL.
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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WILLIAM TELL

Many years ago, high up among the steep mountains of a far-off land, lived a man named William Tell.

Tell was a brave man and a great hunter, and he was the best shot with the crossbow in all the land.

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At that time his country was ruled by a wicked man named Gessler.

Gessler liked to show his power and made many harsh laws which the people had to obey.

He even placed his hat on a tall pole and ordered that every one who passed should bow to the hat.

Now these brave people hated the thought of bowing to a hat, and not one of them would walk by the place where the pole was set up. Thus no one ever bowed to the hat, because no one ever passed it.

It happened that William Tell, who lived among the high mountains, had not heard about this strange law of bowing to the ruler's hat.

One morning he came into the village, leading his little son by the hand. He was walking straight past the hat, when the soldier who was always on guard shouted, "Halt! Why do you not bow before the hat of your master?"

"Why should I bow before a hat?" asked Tell.

"That hat belongs to Gessler, your ruler. He orders you to bow before it."

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"I care not who orders it. I will never bow before a hat," said Tell, quickly.

"Then you must come with me to prison," commanded the soldier.

"I will neither bow to the hat nor be taken to prison," and stepping back, Tell grasped an arrow for his crossbow.

Just then Gessler rode up with a company of soldiers.

"What is all this noise about?" he asked.

"This man, William Tell, will not bow to your hat," said a soldier.

"So you are Tell," said Gessler, riding up close to him. "They say you are the finest shot with the crossbow in the land. Tell me, my man, is it true?"

"I have shot against many good men," replied Tell, modestly.

"I have a mind to try your skill," said Gessler, "and I promise you, if you can hit the mark I offer, you shall go free."

"I shall be glad to shoot for you," said Tell. "Where is your mark?"

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"Is this your son?" asked Gessler, pointing to the boy.

"Yes."

"Is he a brave lad?"

"I think he is."

"Then he can help you. Let the lad stand in front of that great oak. Place this apple on his head. If, with one arrow, you can hit the apple, then you shall go free."

The cruel man smiled as he spoke these words. Even his own soldiers were filled with horror.

"Would you ask me to shoot at my own boy?" cried Tell. "I will not do it."

But the boy was not afraid, and looking into his father's face, he said, "Father, I will stand straight and still. You never miss your mark. I know you can hit the apple."

The brave lad reached up and took it from Gessler's hand. Then walking to the tree, he placed the apple carefully on his head. "Now, father," he said, "I am ready."

Tell, looking over his quiver, picked two long, straight arrows. One he placed in his belt, the

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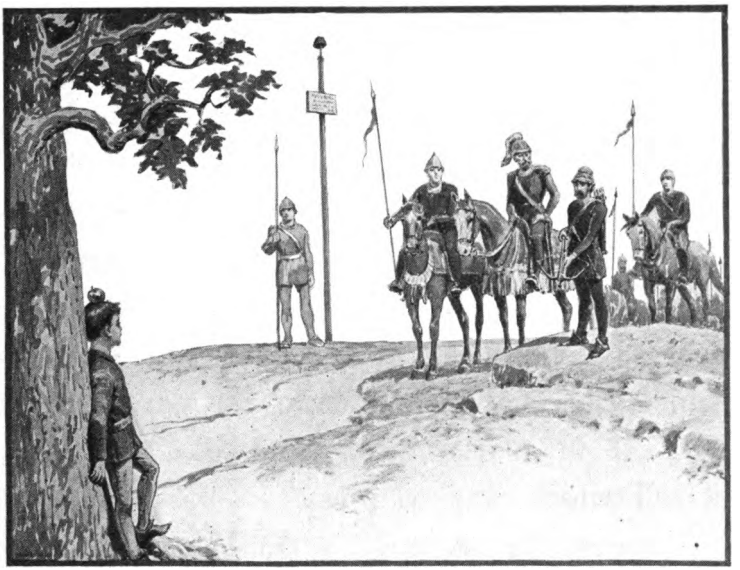

other he slowly fitted to his crossbow. Taking careful aim, he loosed the string.

The arrow flew straight to the mark. The apple fell, shot through the center, and the boy ran to his father, who took him in his strong arms.

Gessler turned to William Tell. "Why did you place the second arrow in your belt?" he asked. "Tell me, and you shall come to no harm."

Tell looked into the eyes of Gessler and said, "The second arrow was for your heart, had the first one harmed even a hair of my boy's head."

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Gessler shook with fear at these bold words. Turning to his soldiers, he said, "Seize this man and take him to the strongest cell in my castle across the lake."

Before Tell could move, the soldiers seized him and bore him to a boat on the shore of the lake. As they were rowing across the water a great storm arose. The waves dashed against the boat. To add to the danger, darkness fell upon the water, and the men could not tell which way to row.

At length the soldier in command turned to William Tell and said: "You are a sailor and know this lake better than we do. If we untie your hands, will you help to save the boat?"

"I will," said Tell.

Then they cut the ropes that bound him, and as soon as he was free Tell took charge of the steering oar. Knowing the lake well, he soon brought the boat close to a little point of land.

Before they could stop him, Tell seized his crossbow, and as he jumped to the shore he gave the boat a great push out into the lake.

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"Seize him! Kill him!" shouted the leader, but he was too late. Tell had already hidden himself in the bushes which fringed the shore.

It did not take him long to climb to his mountain home, where he was free from the power of the wicked Gessler.

Not long afterwards the whole nation went to war against their enemy. Gessler was killed, and in the end the brave people, led by William Tell, became free.

Swiss Tradition

MY LITTLE GARDEN

I have a little garden,
And every summer day
I dig it well, and rake it well,
And pull the weeds away.
I have a little garden,
And every summer night
I water all the pretty flowers,
And watch them with delight.

First come up the snowdrops,
Before the grass is green;

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Then the yellow crocuses,
Before a leaf is seen;
Then the pretty primrose,
And then the lilies fair;
And oh! the red, red roses,
They bloom so sweetly there!

In my little garden
I have a little walk;
I take my sisters by the hand,
And there we go and talk.
Busy bees come humming by,
To gather honey sweet;
And singing-birds look in to see
What they can get to eat.

Like my little garden,
May I grow sweet and fair;
With kindly words and action
For ev'ry one to spare.
May the good seed flourish well
In my little heart,
And all the vain and wicked thoughts
Like evil weeds depart.

AGNES VEITCH

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HOW THE TAIL OF THE FOX BECAME WHITE

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had a large farm. She owned many sheep, cows, pigs, and chickens. The old woman was not very happy, for she had to take care of the animals and do the housework besides.

She felt that all this work was too hard for her, so one morning she started out to find some one to help her.

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As she walked along the road she met a bear. "Where are you going, old woman?" asked the bear.

"I am hunting for some one to look after my cows, my sheep, and my pigs," said the old woman.

"Ah! that is just the thing for me," said the bear. "For a long time I have wished to find that kind of work."

"Can you call the sheep?" asked the woman.

"Yes, yes, just listen," said the bear. So he called in a loud, gruff voice, "Ouff! ouff!"

"No, no, you would never do," said the old woman. "That rough voice of yours would frighten all the sheep in the kingdom. They would never come home."

So the old woman went on her way. Soon she met a wolf. "Where are you going, old woman?" asked the wolf.

"I am hunting for some one to look after my sheep, my cows, and my pigs."

"Why not take me?" said the wolf. "That is just the kind of work I should like."

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"Do you know how to call the animals?" asked the old woman.

"Oh, yes," said the wolf, and he called in a high, shrill voice, "Ow! ow!"

"You will not do," said the old woman. "Your voice is so shrill that my cows would never come home."

So she went on her way. By and by she met a fox. "Where are you going, my good woman?" asked the fox, politely.

"I am hunting for some one to look after my sheep, my cows, and my pigs."

"Why do you not hire me? That is just the work I should like to do. My voice is very soft, and the animals will come at once to my call."

"Let me hear you call them," said the old woman.

The fox opened his mouth and sang, "Tum ta ta, tum ta ta, tum ta ta, tum!"

"That is very good indeed," said the old woman. "I think I will hire you to take care of my animals."

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All went well for a few days. In the morning the fox drove the sheep and cows to the pasture. He fed the pigs and looked after the ducks and chickens.

At first the old woman thought she had found a prize, but after a time her flock of chickens and ducks seemed to grow smaller. One morning she missed her little black pig.

"Where is my little black pig, Mr. Fox?" she asked.

"He is still out in the pasture," said the fox. "He will come home soon."

The next morning she missed the old black hen with her brood of fine chicks. "Mr. Fox, where is the old black hen with her little chickens?" she asked.

"Oh," said the fox, "she has found a new nest down by the brook."

One day the old woman wished to make a cake, so she went out to look for some fresh eggs.

As she came near the henhouse she heard a great crowing and cackling. The cocks were flapping their wings and calling, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

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The hens were running this way and that, crying, "Ca-dar-cut! ca-dar-cut!" with all their might. The poor old woman held up both hands in horror.

What did she see! Master Fox was coming out of the henhouse with a nice plump chicken in his mouth.

As Mr. Fox rushed by the old woman she swung her broom at him. "You cruel, cunning fox," she cried, "you are a thief! You stole my little black pig and my old black hen and her chicks!"

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The fox leaped this way and that, dodging the blows which the old woman aimed at him with her broom. Round and round the yard they ran.

At length Mr. Fox leaped behind a can full of milk, which upset with a splash on his long, bushy tail.

The old woman's feet slipped in the pool of milk, and she sat down with a bang.

The fox saw his chance and sprang through the open door, still carrying the chicken in his mouth. Then he ran for the woods as fast as he could go. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw that the tip of his tail was white with cream.

"Oho!" he laughed. "Now I shall have some cream to eat with this nice pullet."

So he twisted about and tried to lick the cream off, but it stuck fast.

And that is why, even to this day, the tip of a fox's tail is always white.

Norse Folk Tale

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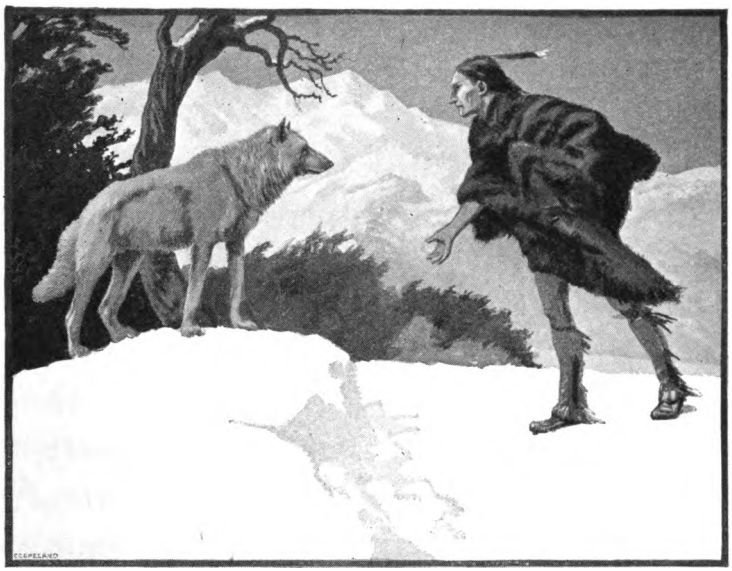

HOW FIRE FIRST CAME TO THE INDIANS

Long, long ago the Indians had no fire. The only fire on the earth was kept by three old witches.

These witches lived alone and hated all the Indian tribes. They took turns in watching their precious fire. No one could get even a spark or a coal.

One winter the snow lay very deep on the ground. It was bitter, bitter cold in the Indian

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houses. The Indians had fur blankets, fur leggings, and fur moccasins, but they could not keep warm.

Then they called their wisest men to a council. "What shall we do to keep warm?" asked one of the old chiefs.

"If we could only have fire in our lodges," said another old chief.

"Ah, but we cannot get it," said the oldest chief of all. "The witches guard it too closely."

"Why should we not take it from them?" asked one of the young Indians. "We could get some of the animals to help us."

"What animal would be able to help us?" asked the old chief.

"I think the bear might get it," said the young man.

"The bear is too slow," said the chief.

"The deer, then; he can run swiftly."

"The deer is too timid; his horns would catch in the door of the wigwam. The rattlesnake might creep in, but the rattlesnake is no friend of the Indians."

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"Then I will ask the wolf," said the young man. "He can run fast and will not be afraid."

The Indian went to the forest and called until his friend the wolf came to him. He said to the wolf: "Our wigwams are cold. The Indians need fire to make them warm. Can you not steal some fire from the three old witches? If you will bring us fire, we will give you food every day."

"Do as I tell you," said the wolf, "and I will get you the fire. Go to the wigwam of the three old witches. When you hear me sneeze three times, give your loudest war cry." This the young Indian promised to do.

The wolf then called upon his friends — the frog, the squirrel, the robin, the bear, and the deer. All said they would be glad to help him.

The wolf placed the frog by the side of a pond; the squirrel was hidden in the bushes; the robin sat in a tall tree; the bear was to lie down behind a great rock; while the deer was to stay near the wolf.

Then the wolf went to the home of the three witches, and lifting the flap of the wigwam, he

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looked in. "May I warm myself before your fire?" he asked. "I am very cold."

Without stirring from their places about the fire, the witches said, "Wolf, if you are cold, you may enter." The wolf went in and also sat down by the fire. He sneezed three times.

At once a great war cry was heard. The three witches ran out to see what was the matter. The wolf then seized a burning brand in his huge mouth and ran swiftly to the deer.

The witches saw the wolf, and with screams of anger, they dashed madly after him. So swiftly did they run that they almost caught him.

But the wolf threw the firebrand to the deer and cried, "Catch it and run!" The deer caught it and ran.

Then the deer threw it to the bear. "Catch it and run!" he cried. The bear caught it and ran.

Then the bear threw the firebrand to the robin. "Catch it and fly!" he said. The robin caught it, but as he flew, the fire burned a red spot on his breast.

The robin threw the firebrand to the squirrel.

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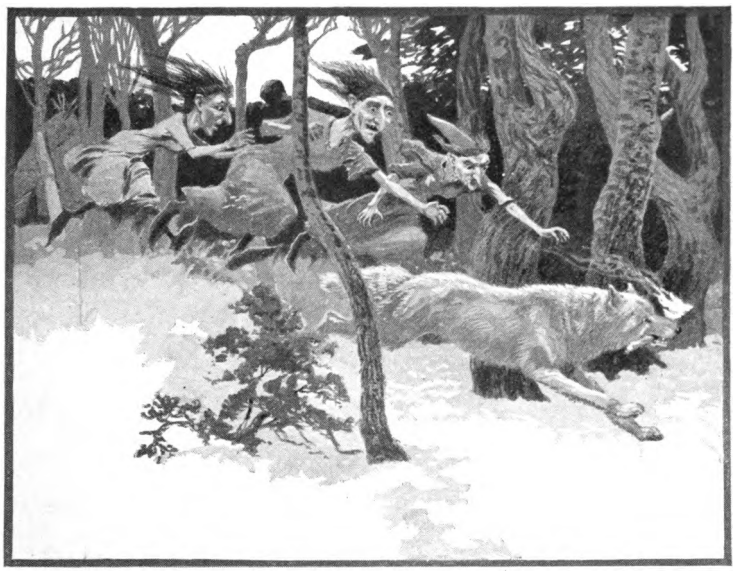

"Catch it and run!" he said. The squirrel caught it and ran.

Then the three witches called upon the snake to help them. "Snake, snake, catch the squirrel! He has stolen our fire."

The snake sprang at the squirrel, but the squirrel jumped aside and ran to the frog.

All this time the firebrand was burning, so that now nothing was left but a glowing coal.

The frog took the coal in his mouth and jumped toward the pond. One of the witches caught him

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by the tail. The frog gave a great leap and dived under the water, but his tail he left behind in the witch's hand.

The frog swam across the pond under the water and hopped out before a young Indian who stood waiting for him. "I have your fire," cried the frog. Then he gave a loud sneeze, and the live coal dropped from his mouth.

With a cry of joy the Indian wrapped the precious coal in dry leaves and dashed away. As he ran the leaves began to burn, but he did not drop them until he reached his wigwam.

Then above the burning leaves he placed dried twigs of the fir tree, and soon the merry flames were dancing before the eyes of the eager Indians.

They sang, they shouted, they danced — so pleased were they with the warm, beautiful fire.

Nor did the Indians forget their animal friends. The little Indian boys were never tired of hearing how the wolf and the deer and the bear helped to get fire, and how, at the same time, the robin got his red breast and the frog lost his tail.

Indian Legend

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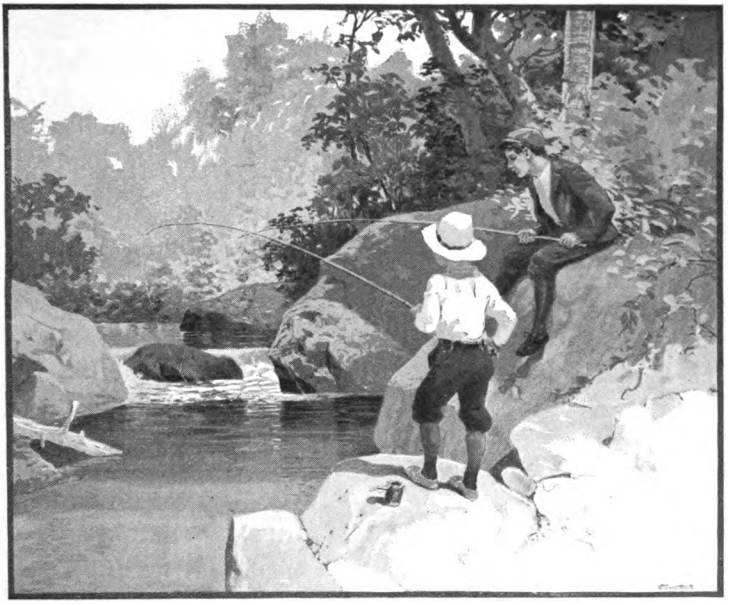

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

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Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know — I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

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KING REDBEARD

Many years ago there lived in Germany a great king. He had a long, red beard and was called King Redbeard. His castle was on the top of a steep mountain.

The story is told that King Redbeard did not die, but that he and all his men are still in a magic sleep in a cave under the great castle.

It is said that once in a hundred years the king wakes up, and when the time comes he

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can send his men out of the cave, for one day only, into the world.

Now it happened that once a youth was passing through the woods near Redbeard's castle. He was riding a beautiful horse, which he hoped to sell for a large sum at the fair. It was a foggy morning, and as they trotted along neither the horse nor the boy could see far ahead.

All at once, in the path before him, the youth saw a little old man, who held up his hand for the boy to stop. "Good morning, my boy," he said. "Where are you going?"

"To the market to sell my horse."

"That horse?" cried the man. "What a beautiful animal! How much money do you expect to get for him?"

"I wish to get three hundred dollars," said the boy, "for he is young and kind."

"You need not go to the fair," said the man. "I will give you three hundred dollars for the horse. Follow me, and I will get you the money." The boy was glad to make so quick a sale, and

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he followed the little man down a winding path through the woods.

At length they came to the mouth of a great cave. The boy had never heard of a cave in the mountains, but leading the horse by the bridle, he followed the little man.

Soon the cave widened into a huge room. In this room were more than a thousand horses, and, strange to say, each horse was sound asleep. Beside each of the thousand horses rested a stable boy.

The little man now took the bridle from the boy's hand and tied the horse in a vacant space. The horse at once fell sound asleep like the others.

Then the boy followed the man down through the broad stable until they came to a great hall, on the walls of which hung rich rugs woven with gold and silver threads. Heaps of gold and silver were piled upon the floor. From these the little man took enough gold to pay for the horse and gave it to the boy.

After the boy had placed the money in his

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pocket he looked about him with wondering eyes. He saw, in the middle of the hall, a huge king, sound asleep, by a great marble table.

He was dressed for war. Beside his chair lay his long sword, his lance, and his shield. But most wonderful of all, a red beard hung from his face, so long that it reached almost three times around the marble table. About him were sleeping soldiers. All had their swords, their lances, and their shields by their sides.

Behind the chair of King Redbeard stood a little, sleeping dwarf. Just at this moment, to the great wonder of the boy, the king opened his eyes, and slowly raising his long arms above his head, he yawned and stretched himself. Then turning to the little dwarf, he called in a voice which seemed to shake the castle: "Come, dwarf, wake up! Run and see if the crows still fly around the mountain."

At the sound of his master's voice the dwarf awoke and ran quickly out of the room. When he came back he said, "O king, the crows still fly about the mountain."

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"Then I must sleep another hundred years," said the king, and after one look at his sleeping soldiers he fell back again in his chair, his eyes closed, and he was at once sound asleep.

The little man who had bought the horse now led the boy into the stable and through the mouth of the cave.

Outside everything was hidden in a dense fog. Hardly had the boy stepped beyond the cave when it vanished from his sight. He turned again to speak to the little man, but lo! he too had disappeared.

In spite of the heavy fog the boy was able to follow the hoofprints made by his horse. He soon came to the path where he had met the little man.

Reaching into his pocket, he felt of the gold, for he wished to make sure that it too had not disappeared. When he found it safe he turned toward his home, whistling as he went.

"Ah!" said his grandmother when he told her the story. "That was old King Frederick Redbeard. He and his men rest under the

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high mountain. They will sleep until the country is in great danger. When that time comes the crows will no longer fly around the mountain. Then the king will wake, his soldiers will mount their horses, and in one great battle they will drive the enemy from the fatherland."

German Tradition

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

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THE BLUE LIGHT

Once there was a soldier who had served his king bravely and well, but he had been wounded so often that he was no longer able to carry a gun.

So the selfish king said: "You may go home now, as you are of no further use to me. I can only pay those who are able to work."

The soldier, who did not know what to do for a living, went sadly away. He walked along for many days, until at last he reached a wood. As darkness fell he saw a light, and when he drew near he found it came from a little house in which lived an old witch.

The soldier, not being afraid even of witches, went boldly up to the house and asked the old woman for a place to sleep and for something to eat and drink.

"Oho!" she said. "Do you think I would give anything to a runaway soldier?" But at last she agreed that if he would do some work for her, she would take him in.

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"What do you want me to do?" asked the soldier.

"To-morrow," said the old witch, "I want you to work in my garden."

This the soldier said he would gladly do. The next day he worked as hard as he could, but when night came he had not finished his task.

"I see," said the witch, "that you are not able to do it all, but I will keep you one night more, and to-morrow you shall split some logs for the fireplace."

The next day the soldier did what he could toward splitting the logs. In the evening the witch told him that he might stay another night.

"To-morrow," she said, "your work will be very easy. There is an old dry well behind my house, and my light, which burns blue and never goes out, has fallen into it. I wish you would go down into the well and bring it up for me."

So the next morning the witch led the soldier to the well, and as it was very deep, she let him down in the bucket.

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The soldier soon found the light, and taking it in his hand, he told the witch to pull him up. When he was near the top of the well the witch put out her hand and tried to take the light away from him.

"Aha!" thought the soldier. "I see what you would like to do." So he said, "Not so fast, old lady; you cannot take this light till I have both my feet safe on the ground."

The witch then flew into a rage, and dropping the rope, she let the poor soldier fall to the very bottom of the well. As it happened he fell on a bed of thick moss, so that he was not hurt in the least, while the blue light burned as brightly as ever. But his life was of little value to him, for unless help came, he knew that he should starve.

Now our brave soldier was feeling very sad, when he happened to put his hand into his pocket, where he found his pipe still half full.

"This is the last pleasure I shall ever have," he thought, as he lit his pipe with the blue light and began to smoke. All at once a strange

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looking little man came up to him and said, "What do you wish, O master?"

At first the soldier could not speak. Then he cried, "Where did you come from and what do you mean?"

"I mean that I must obey all your commands," said the little man.

"Oh, if that is true," said the soldier, "the first thing you may do is to get me out of this well."

So the little man took him by the hand, opened a small square door, and led him through a long passage; but the soldier did not forget to take the blue light with him.

On the way the little man pointed out great heaps of gold that the witch had piled up, and the soldier took as much as his pockets would hold.

When they came to the top of the well the soldier said to the little man, "Now go and tie the old witch and take her to the judge." Before long he saw her sailing through the air on a broomstick, the little man close at her heels.

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Soon after, the little man came back and said: "Everything has been done as you ordered, and the witch hangs on the gallows. What other orders have you, my master?"

"None, just now," said the soldier. "You may go home; but be at hand when I call."

"You have only to light your pipe at the blue light, and I shall be with you," said the little man. Then he went away.

The soldier walked back to the town where the king had his castle, and bought some new clothes,

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Then he went to an inn and told the innkeeper to give him the best room in the house.

As soon as he was alone the soldier lit his pipe at the blue light, and when the queer little man appeared he said: "I served my king long and well, but he sent me away to die of hunger. Now I wish to treat him as he has treated me."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the little man.

"Late at night, when the king is asleep in his bed, bring him, still sleeping, to me, and I will make him brush my clothes and shine my boots."

"That is a very easy thing for me to do," said the little man, "but it will go hard with you if it is found out."

As the clock struck twelve the door sprang open, and in came the little man leading the king.

"Ah, here you are," cried the soldier to the king. "Set about your work at once. Come, brush off my coat."

When this had been done the soldier sat down and ordered the king to take off his boots; then

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he made him pick them up and clean them. The king did everything in silence and with half-closed eyes, for he was really sound asleep.

At the first cockcrow the little man carried the king away to his castle and put him back in bed.

The next morning the king called his wise men about him and told them his wonderful dream: "I was taken through the streets at great speed. We finally came to a room where there was a man wearing a black mask, whom I had to serve by doing all kinds of mean work. I even had to

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brush his coat and clean his boots. To be sure it was only a dream, and yet I am as tired this morning as if I had really done it all."

"Your dream could not have been true," said the wise men, "but to-night you can fill your pocket with peas and cut a little hole in it. Then if you are really carried away, the peas will drop out, and your path can easily be followed."

Now what the wise men said was heard by the little man. That night the king was again carried off, and though the peas fell out of his pocket, they did not mark a path; for the little man had thrown other peas over all the streets of the town. Again the king had to do the soldier's work till cockcrow.

The next morning the king sent out his servants to follow the peas, but this was seen to be useless, for in every street the poor children were picking them up and saying, "It must have rained peas in the night."

Then the wise men thought of a better plan and said to the king: "Keep your shoes on when you go to bed, and before you come away from

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the place where you are taken, hide one of them; then you can search over the whole city until it is found."

The little man heard of this plan also, and when the soldier ordered him to bring the king again, he said, "I beg of you, my master, not to do it, for this time I cannot guard you against their plans."

"Do what I tell you," ordered the soldier. And for the third time the king was brought and made to work like a servant; but before he went away he was careful to hide one of his shoes under the bed.

The next morning the king ordered his servants to hunt for the shoe through the whole town. As they went to every house it was soon found in the soldier's room.

The soldier, warned by the little man, had run away, but before he had gone far he was caught and thrown into prison.

In his flight the unlucky fellow had left the blue light and his money at the inn, but he still had one gold piece in his pocket.

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As he stood, loaded with chains, at the prison window, he saw one of his fellow soldiers going by. He called out to him and said, "If you will bring to me the little bundle I left behind at the inn, I will give you this gold piece." The friend said he would gladly help him and soon brought the soldier his bundle.

When he was alone the soldier lighted his pipe at the blue light, and the little man again appeared before him.

"Ah, what shall I do? Can't you help me?" cried the soldier.

"Don't be afraid," said the little man. "Go where they take you, but keep tight hold of the blue light."

The next day a trial was held, and though they could prove nothing, the judge told the poor soldier that he must be hanged. When he was led out to the gallows he asked a last favor of the king.

"What do you wish?" asked the king.

"I pray, O king," said the soldier, "that I may smoke one last pipe."

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"You may indeed do that," said the king, "but do not be too long about it."

Then the soldier drew out his pipe and lighted it at the blue light. When the first rings of smoke arose the queer little man came with a short, thick stick in his hand and said, "What are my master's orders?"

"Strike down the false judge and the king and the hangman and the sheriffs and the lords."

Then the little man flew about, as quick as a wink, from this one to that one, and all those whom he touched with his stick fell to the ground and could not move.

At last the king had so great a fear for his life and his kingdom that he promised the soldier if he would only call off the little man, he would give him a full pardon and let him marry his daughter, the princess.

WILLIAM AND JACOB GRIMM

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ANDROCLUS AND THE LION

Androclus was a slave who lived many, many years ago in the city of Rome. His master was very harsh and often treated him cruelly.

At last Androclus decided to run away, and with the help of some other slaves he made his way over the sea into another country. Even there he was not safe, and had to live in the deep woods, far from the homes of men.

One day, while hunting, Androclus found a cave in the side of a mountain. It did not take him long to decide to make the cave his home. "It will be much better than sleeping under the trees," he thought. At once Androclus began to gather armful after armful of dried grass, which he carried into the cave for his bed.

Now it happened that a lion had also chosen this cave for his den, and while Androclus was making his bed the lion walked in at the door. Androclus felt sure that the lion would kill him, for he saw no way to escape. But the lion did not seem angry or eager to do Androclus any

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harm. Instead he held out his huge paw, as if he had been hurt.

Androclus saw that the paw was very red and swollen. He knew that the lion was in great pain. The lion looked at him as if he would say, "Help me, help me."

As the lion held out his paw Androclus saw a great thorn sticking in it.

"You poor beast," said the brave man. Then coming up to the lion he took hold of the thorn with his fingers and pulled it out as gently as he could.

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You may be sure that the lion was very glad to have the thorn out of his aching foot, and ever after he and Androclus were the best of friends. They lived in the cave together for a long time and shared each other's food.

One day as Androclus was walking through the wood he met some hunters, who knew at once that he was a runaway slave.

A reward was always given for bringing back a runaway slave, so they took Androclus captive. They tied his hands behind him and sent him to his master, who put him in prison.

The Roman people used to have a great theater. Instead of having plays at the theater, they had fights between men armed with swords or between men and wild beasts. Thousands of people would come to see the fights.

Sometimes a slave who had run away from his master was made to fight with a lion or a tiger or some other wild animal.

Now it happened that Androclus had been chosen to fight a huge lion. While great crowds of Roman people were looking on, the lion came

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out of his cage, roaring and showing his sharp teeth. Androclus stood bravely facing him.

As the lion came near Androclus he stopped his growling, crouched at the slave's feet, and began to lick his hand. Androclus threw his arms about the lion's neck and hugged him. It was the very same lion with whom he had lived in the cave.

The Roman people shouted in wonder. Such a sight had never been seen before. They called to Androclus to explain how he had tamed the lion. Then he told them how he had helped the lion and how they had lived together in the cave.

When they had heard his story the people of Rome demanded that Androclus be set free and that he should no longer be held a slave. They also ordered that the lion should be given to him for his own.

So Androclus was made a freeman. He and his friend might often be seen walking through the streets of Rome, the lion following at his heels like a great dog.

Roman Tradition

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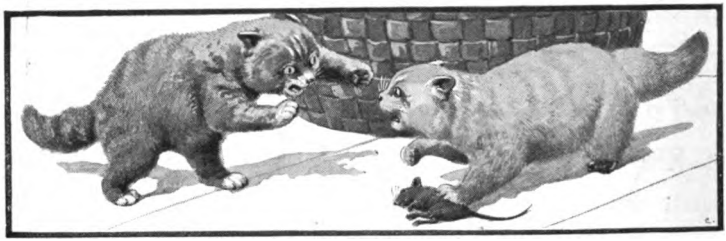

THE LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that is the way the fight was begun.

"I 'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You 'll have that mouse? We 'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You won't have that mouse!" said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

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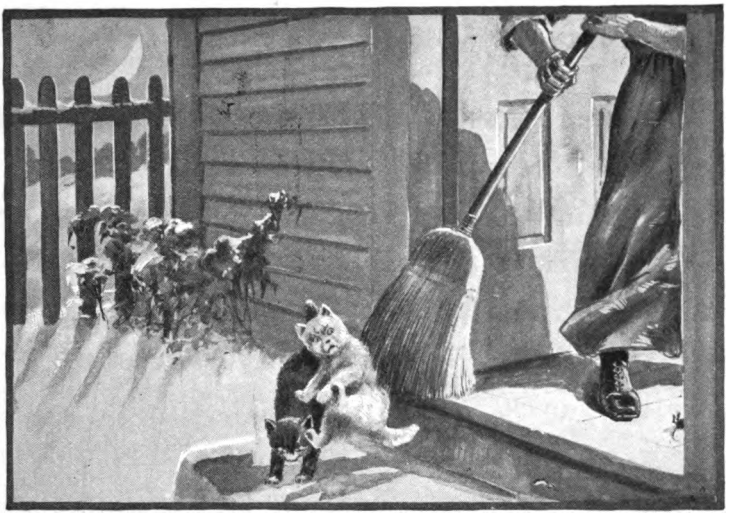

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

ALICE CARY

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ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES—I

Once there was a woman who had three daughters. The oldest was called One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second was called Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people. The youngest was called Three Eyes, because she had three eyes.

Now the mother and the two sisters did not love little Two Eyes, because she was just like every one else. "You, with your two eyes, are no better than other people. You do not belong to us," they said.

So they made her do all the hard work and gave her shabby clothes to wear. Often she did not have enough to eat.

Every day Two Eyes was sent into the field to take care of the goat. Once as she lay on the grass crying because she was so hungry, she looked up and saw a beautiful woman standing near, who asked, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

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"I cannot help crying," she said, "for my mother and two sisters treat me so badly. They make me tend the goat and do the hard work about the house besides. All I had to eat this morning was two crusts of bread."

"Dry your tears, Two Eyes," said the woman, "for I will make you a fairy gift. When you are hungry say to your little goat:

'Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat,'

and a table will stand before you set with all kinds of good things to eat.

"When you have eaten all you wish, you have only to say:

'Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,'

and the table will pass out of sight before your eyes."

As soon as the kind woman had left her, Two Eyes, who was very hungry, said to her little goat:

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat."

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At once there stood right before her a little table covered with a white cloth on which were laid a plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and a dinner fit for a queen.

The girl was so hungry that she ate and ate. At last when she had finished she said to the little goat:

"Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away."

Instantly the table sank out of sight.

"What a nice way to keep house!" thought little Two Eyes, as she led the goat where the grass was fresh and green.

That night when Two Eyes went home she found a few crumbs which her sisters had left for her supper. These she did not touch, and the next morning she went to the field without eating anything.

At first the sisters did not notice that Two Eyes never tasted her food, but after a while they began to wonder.

"Some one must be giving the girl things to eat," said the mother. "Do you go with her

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to-morrow, One Eye, and watch to see if you can find who it is."

So the next day One Eye said to little Two Eyes: "I will go with you when you drive the goat to the field, Two Eyes. I wish to pick some of the wild flowers growing in the pasture."

Little Two Eyes knew that her sister was going on purpose to spy upon her, and she led One Eye a merry tramp over hill and dale.

At length when One Eye was tired out from her long walk little Two Eyes said, "Come, One Eye, we will sit down, and I will sing to you."

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So One Eye sat down in the shade, and little Two Eyes sang to her until her one eye closed in sleep.

Then little Two Eyes said:

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat,"

and seating herself at the table, she ate and drank her fill.

Again she cried:

"Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

and in an instant all was gone.

Little Two Eyes now awoke One Eye and said: "You would be of very little use in taking care of the goat, for you have been sound asleep. Come, it is time to go home."

When they reached home her mother asked One Eye what she had seen.

"I have seen nothing, dear mother, for I fell fast asleep."

The next day the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, you must go with Two Eyes to-day and

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watch carefully to see who gives her things to eat."

Then Three Eyes went to little Two Eyes and said, "I will go with you this morning when you drive the goat, for I like to be in the fresh air and sunshine."

Little Two Eyes knew that Three Eyes, also, had been sent to spy upon her, so she drove the goat a long way, until her sister became tired.

Then little Two Eyes said, "Come, let us rest in this cool shade, and I will sing to you."

So little Two Eyes sang until Three Eyes began to grow sleepy. Two of her eyes were shut tight, but the third eye did not close at all.

When little Two Eyes thought her sister was sound asleep she said:

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat."

Instantly the little table loaded with food stood before her. Having eaten her fill, she said:

"Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

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at which the table sank out of sight. Now the third eye of Three Eyes had seen it all, though she seemed to be sound asleep.

That evening when little Two Eyes again left her supper Three Eyes said to her mother, "I have found out why Two Eyes leaves her food." Then Three Eyes told her mother all that she had seen. "Two Eyes put two of my eyes to sleep with her singing, but my third eye stayed awake and watched her."

The wicked mother was angry at the good fortune of little Two Eyes.

"Is that little good-for-nothing to eat better food than we do?" she cried, and seizing a knife, she rushed out and killed the little goat.

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES — II

When Two Eyes found that her little goat was dead she ran out of the house crying as if her heart would break.

All at once the beautiful woman stood before her. "Why do you cry, little Two Eyes?" she asked.

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"Alas, my mother has killed the goat which brought me my food," answered little Two Eyes.

"Listen to me, Two Eyes," said the beautiful woman," and do what I tell you. Go home and ask your mother to give you the heart of your little goat. As soon as it is dark take the heart and bury it in front of the house."

Little Two Eyes went home and said: "Mother, at least give me some part of my poor little goat. Even its heart will do."

"Well," said the mother, "if that is all you want, you may have it."

Then little Two Eyes took the heart, and when every one was asleep she dug a deep hole and buried it in front of the house.

The next morning when the sisters awoke, there before the house stood a most wonderful tree, with leaves of silver and apples of gold.

Then the mother said to One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and pick some of the golden apples."

One Eye climbed the tree, but when she wished to take hold of an apple it slipped from her hand. Try as she would, she could not grasp it.

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Then the mother said: "Three Eyes, you may climb up. You can pick them, for you can see better than One Eye."

So One Eye came down from the tree, and Three Eyes climbed up, but she could do no better than her sister. The golden apples sprang this way and that, so that she could not even touch them.

At last the mother cried, "Come down and let me try," but she could touch the fruit no better than One Eye or Three Eyes. The apples danced away from her hand, and she only grasped empty air.

Then little Two Eyes said, "May I try?"

"You!" cried her sisters. "What can you do with your two eyes?" But when little Two Eyes climbed the tree the apples seemed to tumble off into her hands, and soon she came down with her apron and pockets full of the golden fruit.

Now it happened that a young prince came riding by just as the mother was taking the apples from little Two Eyes.

At once the sisters cried to Two Eyes, "Run and hide yourself, for you are not fit to be seen."

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And they quickly pushed the poor girl under an empty barrel which stood near the tree.

The prince gazed in wonder at the shining leaves and golden apples.

Then he said to the sisters: "To whom does this beautiful tree belong? I would give anything for just one branch of its golden fruit."

"The tree is ours," cried the sisters. "We should be glad to give you a branch."

So they tried again and again to pluck some of the apples, but the wonderful tree seemed full of life and they could not touch even one with their fingers.

"It is strange," said the prince, "that you should not be able to pick a single leaf from your own tree."

Just then little Two Eyes, who was angry because her sisters had not told the truth, took two of the golden apples from her pockets and rolled them to the very feet of the prince.

The prince was filled with surprise to see the apples rolling toward him, and walking to the barrel, he lifted it up. There sat little Two Eyes,

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who, in spite of her ragged dress, seemed to the prince the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I am little Two Eyes," answered the girl. "I heard you ask for the golden apples from my tree, so I rolled two of them in front of you. Now I will pick you a branch." And as she went to the tree the boughs bent toward her and seemed to invite her to break them off.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prince, "I can easily see that the wonderful tree belongs to you and not to your sisters."

As the prince took the branch in his hand he said, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for this?"

"Oh," cried little Two Eyes, "my mother and sisters do not love me. I do not have even food enough to eat. If you could only take me with you and make me free, I should be the happiest girl in the land."

Then the prince lifted little Two Eyes upon his horse and took her home to his father's castle. Shortly afterwards he made her his bride.

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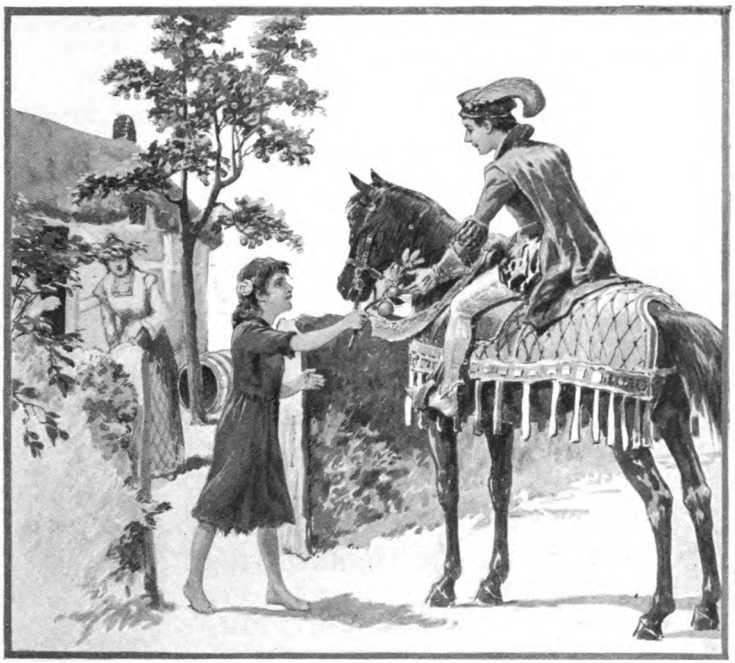

The mother and sisters were glad to see Two Eyes go, for they said, "Now the beautiful tree with its golden fruit belongs to us." But when they arose the next morning, lo! the tree was gone.

In spite of their evil deeds little Two Eyes did not forget her mother and sisters, but was very good to them and took care of them as long as they lived.

WILLIAM AND JACOB GRIMM

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THE BILL OF FARE

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peaches, quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
That 's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great, big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that 's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
That 's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness, you see,
Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have;
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mammas say,
For Thanksgiving. ANONYMOUS

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RIP VAN WINKLE — I

Many, many years ago there lived a good-for-nothing fellow whose name was Rip Van Winkle.

Dame Van Winkle had to work very hard indeed, for all the care of the house and children fell upon her.

In spite of his faults Rip was good-natured. He was always willing to do a kindness for his friends, and if any one were in trouble he was the first to offer help. Rip was a great friend of all the children too, and when their playthings were broken they were always sure that he would mend them.

Rip's wife could not see this good side. To Dame Van Winkle, Rip was a worthless fellow whom she must scold, scold, scold, from morning till night. To be sure, her scoldings did no good, for all she could say did not change him in the least.

Rip had one faithful friend, however, in his old dog, Wolf. Wolf was the best hunter in the village, and many were the rabbits and partridges

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which they caught together. After his scoldings Rip would whistle for his dog, take his gun from the corner in the kitchen, and tramp away into the deep woods.

One day Rip and his dog had taken a long walk up the side of a high mountain. At length they came to a place where Rip had never been before. The day was warm, and he lay down under an oak tree to rest.

Suddenly he heard some one calling to him, "Rip, Rip, come and help me." Rip, looking far down the mountain side, caught sight of a little old man with a long beard. He could not see plainly, but the little man seemed to be carrying a keg upon his bent back. He called again: "Rip, Rip, do you hear? Come down and help me."

Rip forgot how tired he was and clambered down to the little old man. Then taking the keg upon his own shoulder, he said, "Which way do you go, sir?"

"Follow me," cried the little old man, shortly. On and on they went, climbing up, up, up, to the very top of the mountain.

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All at once a little valley opened before them. It was level, and on it the grass was short and thick. Rip thought he had never before seen so beautiful a spot.

Here were twenty more little old men, who looked for all the world like the man with the keg. They wore tall red caps, their coats had large brass buttons, their trousers were short, and on their shoes were huge silver buckles.

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When Rip first saw the little men they were playing tenpins, and the great wooden balls striking the pins made a noise like rumbling thunder. As Rip came near they stopped their play and looked at him — looked with such strange eyes that Rip was afraid. His heart thumped within him.

Rip placed the keg upon the grass. One of the little men emptied it into huge mugs and motioned to Rip to pass them around. Rip obeyed, but he was so frightened that his trembling legs would hardly carry him. The little men drank in silence, and when the mugs were empty they began to play tenpins again.

Rip's fear was now growing less. He even dared to taste from one of the mugs. Then, being thirsty, he went on drinking until he had emptied several of them.

All at once Rip found his eyes growing heavy. He tried to keep awake, but he soon sank limply to the ground and fell into a deep sleep.

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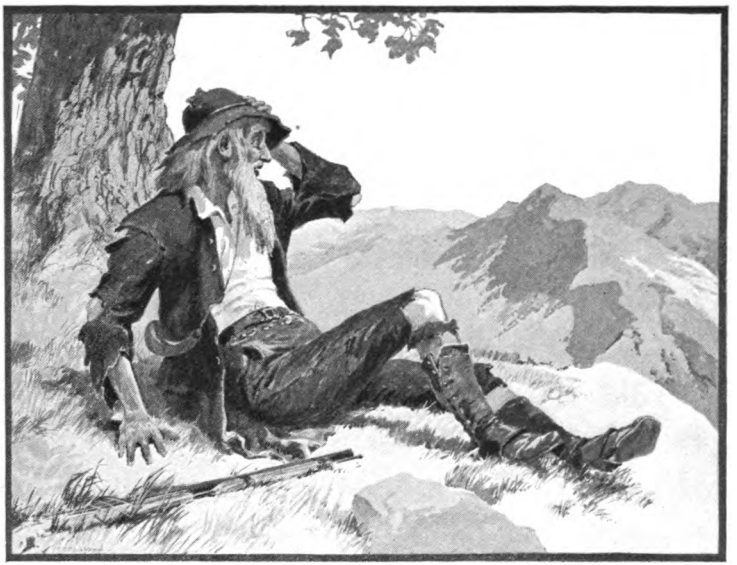

RIP VAN WINKLE — II

When he awoke Rip found himself under the old oak tree. He rubbed his eyes sleepily. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and singing among the bushes. An eagle was sailing high in the sky.

"I must have slept here all night," said he, as he tried to get up.

Then he thought of the strange little men with the keg. "Ah, it must have been the

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drink," he said. "I should not have touched it. What will the good dame say when I go home?"

He looked for his gun, but he could not find it. Instead there was an old, rusty firelock. "Surely some one has been playing a trick upon me," said Rip.

He whistled and whistled for his dog, but Wolf did not appear. He rose slowly to his feet, for his joints were stiff. "These outdoor beds are hard," he said. "They make one feel old."

He shook his head and took the rusty gun in his hand. Then he walked slowly down the side of the mountain.

As Rip came near the village he met some children. "Strange," he said, "I do not know one of them. I thought I knew every child in the village. Their dress too is odd."

The children all stared at Rip. Each one began to stroke his chin. At length Rip did the same. Ah! what was this! He found his beard had grown to be a foot long.

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When at last he came to the village a troop of strange children were running at his heels. They hooted after him; they pointed at his gray beard; and, saddest of all, even the dogs did not know him.

The village was changed. It was larger. There were rows of houses he had never seen before. Queer names were over the doors. Strange faces were at the windows.

Rip did not know what to think. This looked like his native village, and yet it was not. There were the mountains. There ran the silver river.

"Ah, why did I take that drink last night?" he cried. "It has caused all this trouble."

Slowly, and trembling with fear of Dame Van Winkle, Rip made his way toward his own home. Alas! what did he find? The house was gone to decay; the roof had fallen in; the windows were broken; the doors were off their hinges. He caught sight of a dog that looked like Wolf. Rip called his old friend's name. The dog growled and showed his teeth. "My very dog does not know me," said poor Rip.

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Rip then crept through the broken-down door. He called loudly for his wife and children. Stumbling out again, he ran toward the village inn.

A little army of women and children now followed at his heels. The people crowded around him. They looked him over from head to foot. At length a man said to him, "Why do you come into this village carrying a gun and with a mob at your heels?"

"Ah!" cried Rip, "I mean no harm to anybody. I have always lived in this village. I came to the inn to see if I could find some of my old friends."

"Your old friends, indeed," cried the man. "What are their names?"

"Where is Nick Vedder?" said Rip.

A voice from the crowd said: "Nick Vedder! Why, he has been dead these twenty years!"

"Where is Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he was killed in the war, ten years ago!"

"Where is Van Bummell, the schoolmaster?"

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"He went off to the war too and is now a great man."

At length Rip said, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Yes, yes, there is Rip Van Winkle, leaning against that tree."

Rip looked. There indeed was a man the picture of his old self.

"Alas," he cried, "I am not myself. I am somebody else. That is surely Rip under that tree. I was myself last night before I fell asleep on the mountain. Now they have changed my gun. Everything is changed. I cannot tell what my name is or who I am."

Just then a young woman came up with a child in her arms. "Hush, Rip!" she cried. "Hush, little one! the old man won't hurt you."

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked the old man.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And what is your father's name?"

"Ah! poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name. He went away from home twenty years

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ago, and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but Rip has never been found. I was then only a little girl."

"Where is your mother?"

"She too is dead."

Old Rip caught the woman in his arms. "I am your father," he cried. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now. Does no one remember Rip Van Winkle?"

An old woman came up and cried: "It is Rip Van Winkle himself. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip told his story, and now when the thunder peals from the tops of the high mountains they say in the village that the little men are playing tenpins.

Adapted from WASHINGTON IRVING

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TRY AGAIN

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron 's red.

When you 've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys,
You 'll succeed at last.

ANONYMOUS

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TWO OUT OF THE BAG

In a cottage near a mountain there lived a little old man and his wife. The wife was always busy, but the little old man did not like to work. This made his wife very cross indeed. She used to scold him, and sometimes, sad to say, she would even beat him soundly with a stick.

All this did very little good, for instead of working, the old man would go into the fields, where he set snares for the birds and the small wild animals.

When he caught a rabbit or a fat quail he would take it home to his wife. While it lasted she would forget her scolding and they would live together in peace.

One day there was nothing in the house to eat. The good woman was so angry that she drove the little old man out of the door with her broomstick.

This had happened so many times that the little old man had become quite used to it, and

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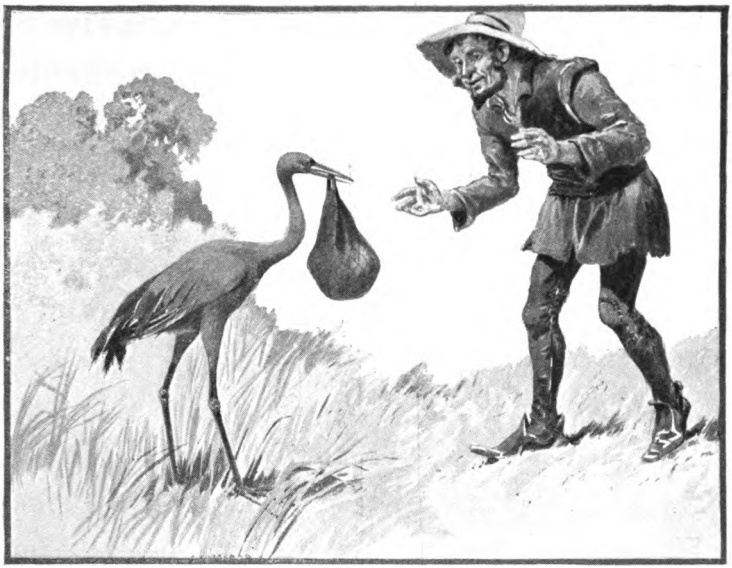

he went whistling along to look after his traps and snares.

In the first trap he found a large crane. "Ah, Mr. Crane," he said, "you will make a fine dinner for us. I will take you out and kill you."

To his surprise the crane spoke and said: "Do not kill me. I am the king of the cranes. If you will let me go, I will be your best friend. I can help you in many ways."

The little old man at first was afraid of the talking crane. Then he said to himself, "It

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would indeed be a pity to kill a bird who can talk." So he went up and took the crane out of the trap. The crane thanked him and flew away.

As there was nothing in his other traps the little old man had to go home again with empty hands. His wife met him at the door and cried, "If you bring nothing, you shall have nothing." Then she shut the door in his face.

So the little old man had to spend that night in the barn, but he did not care in the least.

The next morning he went very early to look at his traps. Soon the crane stood before him.

"Good morning, my friend," said the crane. "I have brought you a present of a little bag. You look hungry, and I think you will find it very useful."

So the crane dropped the bag from his long bill and cried, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink two small black boys hopped out of the bag, and with them a table.

Upon this table the boys spread a clean tablecloth, and upon the tablecloth they placed dishes, and upon the dishes they placed the richest food.

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The old man sat down and ate and ate. Such food he had never before tasted. There were apples and pears and candy and pineapples and oranges and everything else you could think of.

When the little old man had eaten his fill he arose from the table.

The crane said, "Two into the bag," and quick as a wink the food, the dishes, the tablecloth, the table, and the two little black boys all jumped back into the bag.

"Take this bag to your dear wife, and perhaps she will treat you better." Saying this, the crane flew away. So the old man picked up the bag and started for home.

Now it happened that he had to pass a wood-chopper's hut where an old woman lived with her three daughters.

"Ah!" thought the little old man, "the good woman who lives here is very poor. I will give her and her daughters a treat."

So he rapped at the door. "Come in," said the old woman.

When the little old man entered he found the

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old woman and her three daughters at the table, eating. The food was poor, and there was very little of it.

"Come! come!" said the little old man. "To-day you must dine with me."

Then, dropping his bag upon the floor, he said, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink the two little black boys had set the table and covered it, as before, with the richest food.

The old woman and her three daughters looked on, with eyes wide open.

The little old man told them to sit down and help themselves. So they ate and ate, until it seemed as if they would never stop.

The little old man saw them eat, and he smiled as he passed them first this dish and then that.

At length they were filled, and when they were getting up from the table the little old man said softly, so that no one could hear, "Two into the bag." Quick as a wink the dishes, the tablecloth, the table, and the two little black boys were out of sight in the bag.

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Now the old woman and her three daughters were filled with envy, and in their wicked hearts they planned how to get hold of the wonderful bag.

So the old woman invited the little old man to step into her garden to see how her peas and beans were growing.

No sooner had the door closed behind them than the three daughters began to make a bag. They made it look exactly like the bag that the little old man had brought. How fast their needles flew! Soon it was done and had taken the place of the magic bag.

When the little old man came from the garden he picked up the bag, which looked exactly like his own, and went on his way.

As soon as he reached home he marched boldly into the room and cried, "Ah, good wife, I have something this time that will surely please you." So he placed the bag upon the floor and said, "Two out of the bag." But nothing came out.

The little old man did not know what to make of it, while his wife, more angry than ever, drove

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him from the room. "You shall not make a fool of me," she cried.

That night the little old man again slept in the barn, and the next morning went very early to his traps. Soon the crane stood before him.

"Good morning," said the crane. "I fear you did not give the bag to your good wife as I told you. Instead, you let the old woman and her three daughters steal it, but I am still your friend. Here is a present of another bag. If you use it right, you may be able to get back the first." Before the little old man could thank him the crane had flown away.

"I will try it now," thought the little old man. So he said, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink two strong black boys came out of the bag. They had long whips in their hands. With these they began to hit the little old man.

"Stop! stop!" cried the old man, but it was of no use. They only beat him harder than ever.

At last he thought of the magic words. "Two into the bag," he cried, and at once the two black boys hid themselves in the bag.

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Soon the little old man again came to the cottage of the old woman. "I will go in," he said to himself; "she may wish to take this bag too." So he rapped at the door.

"Come in," cried the old woman.

The little old man walked in and laid the bag upon the floor. "You have another bag, I see," said the old woman.

"Yes," said the little old man, "and it is even more wonderful than the other." Then, putting down the bag, he said, "I should like to buy some of your peas. Will you not sell them to me?"

"That I will," cried the old woman. So she and the little old man went into the garden.

No sooner had the door closed behind them than the eldest daughter, who wished to try the bag, said, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink the two black boys were out of the bag and beating the daughters with their whips. The girls screamed with fear and pain. At the sound of their cries the mother came running from the garden. At once the black boys began to beat her too.

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The more they screamed the more they were beaten. "Call them off! call them off!" they cried to the little old man.

"Bring me the bag you stole and I will," he said.

"Quick, daughter, bring him his bag," cried the old woman.

As soon as the little old man had the bag in his hands he said, "Two into the bag." Quick as a wink the two black boys, whips and all, were out of sight. Then, with both bags under his arm, the little old man went whistling home.

As he came near the house he shouted, "Wife! wife! At last I have the wonderful bag." The wife had her broom ready, but as soon as the little old man came through the door he placed the first bag on the floor and cried, "Two out of the bag." Quick as a wink the dishes, the tablecloth, the table, and the two little black boys came out.

The old man's wife sat down and ate and drank her fill. She became even mild and tender. "Dear husband, this time you have done well. I think I shall beat you no more."

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The little old man then whispered, "Two into the bag," and when all had disappeared he took the first bag away and put the second bag in its place.

Hardly had he left the room when his wife thought, "I will try the bag, too." So she cried, "Two out of the bag." Quick as a wink the two black boys with whips appeared and began to beat her soundly.

"Help! help!" she screamed. "Help me, help me, dear husband!"

After waiting a bit the little old man came into the room and cried, "Two into the bag."

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At once the beating stopped, and she fell into her husband's arms, crying, "You have saved my life." And the two lived happily together forever after.

Russian Folk Tale

SNOWFLAKES

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns to say, "Good-by!
Good-by, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly hastens on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good day!" it says; "good day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my playmates here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a little maiden's cheek,
It starts — "How warm and mild the day!
"'T is summer!" and it melts away.

MARY MAPES DODGE

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THE DANCING-SHOES

A king once had twelve daughters, and one was just as beautiful as another. These twelve beautiful daughters all slept in the large hall of the castle, where their beds stood side by side. Every night the door to the hall was locked and bolted by the king himself.

Now each princess had a pair of dancing-shoes which were to be worn when the king gave a ball; but it happened that no matter how many new pairs of dancing-shoes he gave to his daughters, the next morning when he unlocked the door he found the shoes all worn out and full of holes.

There was not a wise man in the kingdom who could think how it happened, for all the windows and doors were so carefully bolted that no one could get out of the castle.

At last the king said that whoever would find where his daughters went in the night to dance and how they got out of the room, should have one of them for his wife.

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But the king also said that if any one tried for three nights and then could not tell the secret of the worn-out shoes, he should give up his life. It was not long before a prince came to the kingdom who wished to try to find out the secret.

That night the young man was placed in a room near the hall where the maidens slept, and a door was left open so that he could follow them if they should go away to dance.

As soon as the prince lay down it seemed as if lead had been placed on his eyelids. He could not keep awake, and in the morning the dancing-shoes were worn out even more than usual. The second and the third nights the same thing happened, and then the prince was put to death without the least pity. Even this did not keep other young men from trying, but they all lost their lives.

Now it happened that a poor soldier, who had been wounded and could not serve any longer in the army, was on his way to the town where the king and his daughters lived, when he met an old woman.

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"Why are you going to the town?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered, "but if I have no better luck, I may try to find where the king's daughters go every night to wear out their slippers."

"That is not so very hard," said the old woman. "All you will have to do is to keep awake, and if you do not drink the wine which they will try to give you, you will have no trouble." Then taking a little cloak from under her shawl, she said: "Here, I will give you this

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cloak, for I have no further use for it. Whenever you throw it over your shoulders it will make you invisible. By its aid you can easily follow the king's daughters as they go to their dance."

Her good wishes gave the soldier courage. So he at once went before the king and told him he should like to try to find out the secret of the dancing-shoes.

The king was glad to see the soldier, who in the evening, at bedtime, was led to the little room. When the king's daughters went to bed the eldest brought to him a goblet of wine; but the soldier had tied a piece of sponge under his chin, so that as he put the cup to his lips the wine all ran into the sponge and he did not drink a drop. Then he lay down, and after a little while began to snore as if he were fast asleep.

When the twelve maidens heard him snoring they began to laugh, and the eldest said, "There is another goose who does not care for his life."

Then the maidens arose, put on their most beautiful dresses, and danced about for joy, all

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except the youngest, who said, "I don't know why it is, but I feel as if something were going to happen."

"You are always afraid," cried the eldest daughter. "Do you think that after we have fooled so many king's sons we shall not be able to take care of this stupid soldier?"

When the princesses were all ready they came in and looked at the man, but he had his eyes closed tight and he did not move. So they thought that he was surely sound asleep.

Then the eldest daughter went up to her bed and struck it gently. All at once it began to sink down into the earth; down, down it went, until a flight of stairs was seen leading into the darkness.

As the daughters of the king, one by one, went down the stairs the soldier jumped out of bed, threw on his magic cloak, and followed them. About halfway down he trod lightly on the dress of the youngest princess, which so frightened her that she cried aloud: "What was that? Who was pulling my dress?"

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"Don't be foolish," said the eldest daughter, "your dress must have caught on a hook or something of that kind."

When they came to the bottom of the stairs the soldier saw bright green fields through which ran a road with beautiful shade trees on either side. The trees had silver leaves which shone and sparkled in the light of many tiny lamps.

"Well," thought the soldier, "I must take a proof of all this to the king." So he broke off a branch with its sparkling leaves.

As he did this the branch gave such a crack that the youngest princess cried: "I am sure there is something wrong! Did you hear that noise?"

"That was nothing," said the eldest sister, "but a gun fired in our honor by the princes."

They went on until they came to another street, where the trees had leaves of gold; and still farther on they came to a third street, where the leaves sparkled with diamonds. From each of these trees the soldier broke off branches, and the youngest daughter, when she heard them

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crack, was again afraid, but the eldest sister still thought they were nothing but guns.

Before long they came to the shore of a lake, on which lay twelve pretty little boats, and in each boat sat a handsome young prince. As the twelve maidens came up they took seats in the twelve little boats.

Now the soldier, all unseen, took his seat in the boat with the youngest princess. When the prince rowed away he said, "I do not see why this boat should row so hard; I cannot keep up with the rest."

"Perhaps you are not so strong as they," answered the princess, and the prince said no more.

The soldier now saw before him, on the other side of the lake, a splendid castle bright with lights, and he heard strains of sweet music coming over the water.

When all had landed they went to the ball-room, where the maidens were soon dancing with life and spirit.

The soldier, wearing his little cloak, danced

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among them unseen, and often when a glass of wine was brought and placed on the table he would drink it while no one was looking. The glass was found empty so often that the youngest princess could not help feeling that something was wrong, but the others only made fun of her.

The maidens danced and danced until all their shoes were quite worn out. Then the princes rowed them back again over the lake, and the soldier went as before, unseen.

As soon as they reached the shore the soldier jumped out, ran quickly up the stairway to his room, and leaped into bed. When the maidens came slowly up the stairs they all heard him snoring loudly, and the eldest said, "At least there is no danger from him." So they took off their beautiful clothes and soon were fast asleep.

Now the soldier did not say a word of what he had seen, for he wished to go again to hear the music and see the beautiful castle across the lake. So he went with the twelve princesses

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on the second night and again on the third night, and each time they danced until their shoes were quite worn out. On the third night the soldier took a golden cup as further proof of what he had seen.

The next morning the soldier came before the king, bearing the three branches which he had broken off and the golden cup. The king then said, "How is it, sir, that my daughters have worn out their dancing-shoes each night while you have been watching?"

"By dancing with twelve princes," answered the soldier, "in a castle built under the ground."

Then the soldier told the king all he had seen and gave him as proof the three branches and the golden cup.

When he had heard the soldier's story the king sent for his daughters and asked them if what the soldier had said was true. They saw at once that they had been found out, and they could deny nothing. Then the king asked the soldier which one of the twelve princesses he would take for his wife, and the soldier

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answered, "As I am no longer young, I will take your eldest daughter."

So the soldier married the eldest princess, and when her father died he himself became ruler over the whole kingdom.

WILLIAM AND JACOB GRIMM

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"Little by little," an acorn said,-
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed.
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little, each day it grew;
Little by little, it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a threadlike root,
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.

Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

ANONYMOUS

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THE KITTEN THAT WANTED TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

On a cold day in winter a rabbit was hopping along on his way through the woods. The snow had been falling all the morning and the ground was white, but the rabbit did not mind the snow or the cold, for his fur was thick and warm. All at once he stopped short and sat up and listened with his long ears.

"Mew, mew!"

The rabbit was a little frightened. "That does n't sound like any one I know," he said; "maybe it 's something that will hurt me. I think I had better run and hide." But just then he heard the cry again, "Mew, mew!" He hopped around to the other side of a log.

There, standing in the snow, was a small gray kitten holding up one foot as if it were hurt. "Mew!" she cried.

The rabbit had never seen a kitten before, for kittens do not live in the woods. But he was not afraid of anything so small.

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"Good day," said he. "I heard you calling, so I came to see what was the matter."

"Oh, please, sir," said the kitten, "the snow has grown so deep all of a sudden that I can't walk. How do you go so fast?"

"I hop," said the rabbit. "Here," he added, jumping on the log, "come up here out of the snow."

The kitten turned and crawled through the snow and at last scrambled up beside the rabbit, quite out of breath.

"Well, well," said the rabbit, looking at her, "how very small you are, to be sure. Shall I help you home?"

"No, thank you, sir," said the kitten; "I have no home."

"What, no home!" exclaimed the rabbit.

"No," said the kitten. "I used to live with my mother and two brothers, in a shed. There was a big wind one day, and pieces of the shed fell down around our heads. My mother told us to run, and I ran till I just could n't breathe. Then I found I had not gone the same way as

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the others. I looked and looked, but I never could find them, and I have been by myself ever since."

"That is very sad," said the rabbit. "What are you going to do?"

"Well, I have thought I might try to be a Christmas present," the little gray creature answered, looking about her and shivering.

"A Christmas present!" repeated the rabbit. "What kind of animal is that?"

"I don't know exactly, sir," the kitten replied, "but my grandmother was one when she was

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young, and it 's something very nice. You have some one to love you very much, plenty to eat, and a warm place to sleep. You have some one to smooth your fur until you purr when you are a Christmas present."

"That would be a fine way to live," said the rabbit. "Have you any idea of what it is to purr?"

"My mother said," answered the kitten, "that it is making a sound when you are happy — something like a bee. I have not been able to do it, though I tried several times yesterday."

The rabbit had been looking up at the sky, and now he said, "There won't be any more snow falling to-day, I think; so if you are a little rested, I will hop along with you, and perhaps we may meet some one who can tell us about Christmas presents."

The rabbit led the way through the woods, and soon they met a big gray squirrel.

"Good day," said he; "where are you going?"

"Why," said the rabbit, "this kitten wants

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to be a Christmas present, and we are trying to find some one who knows about it."

"Oh," said the squirrel, "the day of Christmas presents is to-morrow!"

"Hooray!" cried the rabbit.

"The bears told me that to-day," said the squirrel, "and they know, because Santa Claus brings them things every year."

"Who is Santa Claus?" asked the rabbit.

"I don't know," said the squirrel. "Let's go to see the bears." So, hopping and limping and running, they all started off for the cave where the three brother bears lived. When at last they reached the dark hole in a rock, which was the front door of the cave, they found the bears fast asleep. The visitors tapped on the door, and the bears came out.

Then the rabbit said, "This kitten wants to be a Christmas present."

"But why do you want to be a Christmas present?" asked the eldest bear.

"Because, sir, I want to be just as good and happy as I can," said the kitten. "I'd like so

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much to have some one to love me. Only I am afraid I might not be able to purr."

"Why don't you tell her that *we* know something about Christmas presents?" broke in the youngest bear. He turned to the kitten, himself, and went on, "We each have a stocking that we hang up every year in the cave, and Santa comes and fills them full of Christmas presents."

"Then it *is* Santa Claus who has charge of Christmas presents!" exclaimed the squirrel.

"The kitten can see him, and to-night, too," cried the bright little bear. "He will be here at our cave to fill the Christmas stockings."

"Then," said the kitten, "why can't I wait right here until he comes?"

"That won't do at all," said the eldest bear. "I know that he is not pleased if any one is up and awake, watching to see him. But you can go and wait for him in the path."

As it was growing late the brother bears led the way to the road Santa Claus would take.

"It may be some trouble to stop him," said the eldest bear. "He always drives very fast."

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"We might find a place where the way is narrow," said the rabbit, "and lay branches and things across. Then he would have to slow up a bit, and that would give the kitten a chance to ask him."

After walking a little way they found a narrow place and set to work to block the road. The bear brothers brought young trees and big branches, the squirrel and the rabbit carried twigs, and even the kitten forgot she was tired and weak and lame and worked faster than any one. It grew very dark, and the stars peeped down at them, but by midnight there was built quite a wall of brush across the path.

The animals sat in a solemn row, their ears well pricked up, listening. For a long time all was still. Then from afar came a noise like the patter of a hard shower. It grew louder and louder, and they knew it was the sound of galloping. A moment more, and out into the dim starlight dashed six beautiful reindeer, drawing a sleigh piled high with bundles and all kinds of toys.

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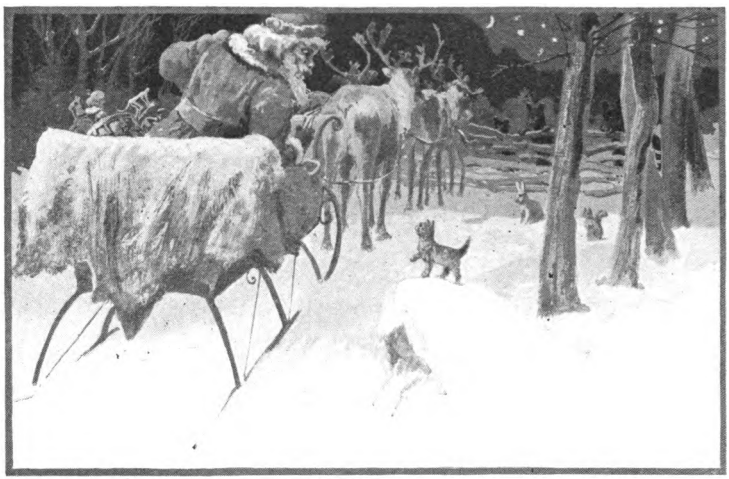

"Whoa! whoa!" suddenly called a voice, and the reindeer stopped short. They had reached the wall of branches. Santa Claus stood up in the sleigh, with his kind, merry face and white beard shining out from the midst of his furs.

"Bless me!" he cried. "What's here? What's across the way? Up, Dunder! Up, Blitzen! Up, all! Up now, all together; up over the tree tops!"

The reindeer were in the very act of springing from the ground, when the kitten called out, "Oh, wait! Mr. Santa Claus, wait for me!"

"Wait! wait for the kitten!" cried the bears and the squirrel and the rabbit in one voice.

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Santa Claus stopped his reindeer once more and looked down. "What is all this?" asked he.

The kitten came nearer to the sleigh. "We were waiting to speak to you, sir," she said. "I want to be a Christmas present, if you please."

"A Christmas present!" echoed Santa Claus, and he looked down at the mite of a kitten holding up one tiny paw toward him.

Then he smiled. "Bless your heart," he said, "you shall be one! Jump in here with me. I think I know just the place to take you." He leaned out of the sleigh, and picking her up gently, put her beside him in the soft furs; and then, before the kitten could say good-by, away went the reindeer up over the tree tops, with a clash of bells. Tired out, she tried once to purr but fell asleep by Santa Claus's side, and the reindeer sped on their way.

It was many hours before the kitten awoke, but at last her eyes began to open. And when they did unclose they opened very wide, for she was no longer in the sleigh; she was lying

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on a soft cushion before a rosy fire. How good it felt! And beside her was a saucer of cream.

Quite awake at last, she yawned and stretched herself and, jumping down, lapped up every drop of the cream with her little red tongue.

The door behind her opened softly, and across the carpet ran a sweet little girl, who gathered the kitten gently up into her arms.

"Oh, you dear, dear pussy," she said, laying her cheek against the kitten's warm little head. "Are you a Christmas present? Did Santa Claus bring you to me? He must have guessed I wanted something alive to play with." And the little girl seated herself on the cushion before the fire with the kitten in her lap, and smoothed her fur softly.

The kitten looked up into the little girl's face. It was even better to be a Christmas present than she had dreamed, and she was wonderfully happy. And then, without knowing what she was doing, she began to purr.

DAISY D. PLYMPTON

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GRUMBLE AND CHEERY — I

Grumble and Cheery were two millers who kept a large mill. Every one looked upon Cheery as the kindest, merriest fellow alive. But Grumble had very few friends, for he always found fault with the times, the weather, the mill, Mrs. Grumble, or with his partner, Cheery.

Bad luck seemed to fall thicker on Grumble than on any one else. If it had not been for Cheery, bread and cheese would have been scarce at the mill; for Grumble's only delight seemed to be to stroll about with his hands in his pockets, doing nothing but grumble, grumble, grumble.

One bright morning Cheery and Grumble set off to buy a horse. Their path ran along the side of a rocky hill where there was a small, narrow cave. As they drew near, two or three very shrill voices screamed out, "Please, master, let us out! let us out! let us out!"

"Get out as you got in!" shouted Grumble; but Cheery said, "Nay, Grumble; if we do not help one another, how shall we live?"

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Then Cheery, turning toward the mouth of the cave, found that a great stone had rolled down close against it, so that no one could get either in or out. He set his shoulder against the stone and called loudly to those inside, saying, "Push, push away, my fine fellows!" At length, little by little, the great stone began to move, until the mouth of the cave was open.

Out walked three fat little old men, the queerest fellows ever seen, with long hair, long noses, long chins, and very long hands. As they came out they danced and jumped about like so many young frogs. They were still jumping, when one of them cried out, "Stop! stop! where is Master Cheery, the one who let us out?"

Then turning to Cheery, who stood by, he said, "I promise you that the horse you shall buy at market shall have the speed of the wind."

"And I say," said the second, "that the horse shall never tire, no matter how hard he may work." And the third little old man promised that after three years' service the horse should run away with all the ill luck in the house.

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As he finished, the three little men scampered back into the cave, singing,

"A smiling face and a helping hand
Outweigh the riches of all the land."

Cheery laughed loud and long at the little men's promises, and Grumble muttered: "Ah! promises are easy payment. It's a pity they had n't better thanks in their pockets."

On the two millers trudged to market. But when they got there they found so many horses on sale that Cheery could not make up his

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mind which to buy; while as for Grumble, you may be sure that he did not help in the least, but managed to find some fault with every one of them.

After they had wandered about nearly half the day, unable to make up their minds, an odd, grim-looking little old man came up to Cheery and said, "If you are looking for a pony, sir, I have a fine one that I will sell very cheap."

Cheery looked at the pony, which was as sleek and as fat as could be, and made up his mind at once. Grumble said that the pony was much too fat for work; that it was plain he could not be strong; that he had a wicked eye; that his hind legs were crooked. Here the pony gave him such a switch with his tail, that Grumble clapped his hands to his mouth and held his tongue.

Cheery bought the pony and paid twenty gold pieces down for him. So home they went, Grumble still grumbling, and Cheery better pleased with his pony every step he took.

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GRUMBLE AND CHEERY — II

The next morning, when Cheery went to feed the pony, there, in the manger, lay the twenty gold pieces, the very same that Cheery had paid the day before.

From that time all went well at the mill. The flour was always the earliest in the market and brought the highest price. The pony took more sacks upon his back than three horses could carry. Cheery bought a cart, and let him fill it as heavily as he would, the pony trotted on and on, seeming as fresh after a day's work as when he was first taken out of the stable.

In a year's time Cheery married a merry little wife as lively and kindly as himself. Indeed, things went on so very well that Grumble got worse-tempered than ever at having nothing to find fault with. Above all things he hated the pony; for it happened that one day when Grumble tried to ride him the pony ducked him in the pond, dragged him through the briers, and soused him at last in a ditch.

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After three years Cheery grew so rich that he and Grumble became the head men of the town.

In spite of their good fortune Grumble had never forgiven the pony; and one night he took it into his head to run down to the stable, take the pony out, and kill him in some field far away. He had thought often and often how to harm the pony, but so far all his plans had failed. Sometimes people were in the way; at other times the pony was in the fields, or Cheery had the key of the stable. But this night Grumble had the key himself.

It was dark and rainy, and so down he went, creeping along until he reached the stable door. The instant he opened it out rushed the same three little fat old men whom he and Cheery had met on their way to market, and who had promised so much about the pony.

As soon as they saw Grumble they set up a shout and poked at him with their sticks. Then they danced and laughed, and they pinched and kicked him without mercy. Here they beat him, there they pushed him, and at last they bound

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him hand and foot so that he could not move even a finger. Then placing him on the pony's back, they told the cross miller that he was all the "ill luck" there was in the house, and ordered the pony to scamper round and round the world until he was told to stop.

Away went the pony at a quick, shaking trot, with Grumble tied on his back, and soon they were out of sight. Then the three little men danced out of the stable, and all again was still.

In the morning Grumble could not be found, and the pony was not in his stall. An old dame said she thought she had seen Grumble riding through the village the night before. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, and nothing was heard of either Grumble or the pony. They never returned again to the mill, but sometimes a tale was spread in the village that the pony had been seen trotting through, with Grumble on his back. It was noticed that whenever this happened things went wrong.

At one of Grumble's visits to the village the milk in the dairy turned sour; at another visit

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all the boys and girls were frightened by a bull; at a third visit, which was just before Christmas, no mistletoe could be found anywhere. In short, whenever anybody said he had seen Grumble some ill luck was found to have happened just at that very time. At last, whenever things went wrong in the village, people said, "Grumble must have been riding through."

As for Cheery, after he had got over the loss of the pony he became gay, glad, and thriving; and his merry little wife and his merry little children made his home as happy as any one could wish.

English Folk Tale

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THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

One fine summer morning a little tailor sat at work in an open window, with his legs crossed. Now this little man liked good things to eat, and when a farmer's wife came down the street crying, "Sweet jam for sale! Sweet jam for sale!" the tailor stuck his head out of the window and said: "Come up here, my good woman. I wish to buy some of your jam."

The woman climbed up the three steps with her heavy basket and soon had her goods spread out before the hungry tailor. As he smelled of first this jam and then that, the woman thought he would surely buy many jars of it.

But after waiting a long time the tailor at last said: "I think I will have a quarter of a pound of this strawberry jam. It smells very good." The woman thought he had taken a long time to buy so little jam, and she went away with her heavy basket, feeling quite cross and angry.

"Ah," cried the tailor, "how I shall enjoy this sweet jam! The very thought of it makes

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me strong." Then he took down some bread from a shelf, cut off a large slice, and spread it thick with jam. "How good that looks!" he said; "but before I take even a bite I must finish this coat." Then he put the bread on a chair close by, and seating himself, he sewed away as busily as could be.

Now there were many flies in the room, and as the smell of the jam filled the air they flew down in swarms to get a taste of the little man's supper.

"Halloo," cried the tailor, "who invited you?" and he drove them away.

It was of no use; the flies would not stay, but came back in even greater numbers than before. At last the tailor could stand it no longer, and taking a piece of cloth, he made a great dash at the flies. Lo! when he looked he found that he had killed seven.

"Ah," he cried, "what a brave fellow I am to have killed seven at one stroke! I will not hide it; the whole town shall know how brave I am."

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So in great haste he cut out a belt for himself and stitched on it in big black letters, "Seven at one stroke!"

"Not only the town," he then said, "but the whole world shall know of it!" And he patted himself and swelled out like a turkeycock.

The little tailor tied the belt around his waist, and putting an old cheese in his pocket, he shut up his little shop and started bravely out to see the world.

As he walked along he found a poor little bird caught in the bushes. He lifted it out and with great care put that also in his pocket.

Then the little tailor went on again and soon came to a high mountain. When he had climbed to the top, there, quite at his ease, sat a great giant, who looked at him in a friendly way.

The brave little tailor walked right up to the giant and said: "Good morning, my friend. Upon my word, you have a fine view of the world from here, but I am on my travels to see if I can find good luck. Should you not like to go with me?"

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The giant looked down on the little tailor and said: "You little imp! What, go with you? Why, you are no more than a mouthful."

"Stop," cried the tailor, "not so fast!" and opening his coat, he pointed to the words on his belt. "If you can read, that will show you how much of a man I am."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" and thinking it must have been seven men whom the tailor had killed, he looked upon the little man with more respect.

"Well, now, I will try you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" Then he took up a large stone and squeezed it so hard that a few drops of water came from it.

"That is nothing," cried the tailor, "that is only play for me!" and taking the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the water ran out in a stream. At the same time he cried, "Beat that if you can!"

The giant did not know what to say, but he took up another stone and threw it so high that it went almost out of sight.

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"That is very well done," said the tailor, "but your stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up and it shall not come down again." So he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out the bird, threw it far up into the air. At once the bird rose higher than the giant's stone and soon was out of sight.

"What do you think of that, my friend?" said the tailor.

"You can throw well," answered the giant, "but I should like to see if you can lift as well

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as you can throw." And he led the little tailor to a forest where lay a great oak tree that had been blown down by the wind.

"Now, then," he said, "if you are as strong as you say you are, just help me carry this tree out of the forest."

"Very well," answered the tailor, "you may take the trunk on your back and let me take the leaves and branches; they are heavier."

Then the giant lifted the trunk on his back, but the little tailor took his seat among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had to carry the whole tree and the tailor besides.

Our little friend was so merry that he sang as he went along. Soon the load grew too heavy for the giant, and at last he said: "I cannot go a step farther, do you hear? I shall let the trunk fall."

At once the tailor sprang lightly down, took hold of the tree with both hands, and said, "Well, you can't be so very strong if you are not able to carry a little tree like this."

Then the giant said to him, "Since you are

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so strong, you had better come home with me to my cave and stay for the night."

When they reached the cave there sat two other giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.

The little tailor sat down, and as he watched them, he thought, "Well, this is a sight worth coming a long way to see."

Then the giant showed him his bed, but it was so large and hard that the tailor soon got up, crept into a corner, and there went to sleep.

When all was still the giant arose and struck the little tailor's bed such a heavy blow that it was broken in two. "Ah," thought the huge fellow, "I have killed you, little grasshopper; you will play no more tricks on me."

The next morning the giants did not give the little tailor a thought, but went off into the wood. So when they saw him walking up, as brave as ever, they supposed that he had come to life again. Knowing that he could kill seven at one stroke, the giants at once took to their heels and ran away so fast that they were soon out of sight.

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Then the little man went on until he came to the gates of a king's castle, where, tired out with his long walk, he lay down on the grass and fell fast asleep.

While he lay there some of the king's men passed by and read on his belt the words, "Seven at one stroke!" "Ah," they cried, "what can a man like this be doing here in time of peace? He must be a great hero."

So they ran and told the king, who said: "He must indeed be a great man. Go out and sit by his side, and when he wakes give him this bag of gold and tell him that I should like to make him a general in my army."

The king's men did as they were ordered, and when the little tailor awoke they told him what the king had said.

"Ah, yes," cried the little man, "that is why I came. I should indeed be glad to join the king's army."

Then the king gave him a room in the castle, and he had fine clothes to wear. But the rest of the king's soldiers did not like the little tailor.

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"For," they said, "if we should have a fight with him, what would he not do to us — a man who can kill seven at a single stroke?" So they went to the king and told him that they would leave his army unless he sent away the brave little tailor at once.

Now the king did not like to lose all his old soldiers, and began to wish that he had never seen the tailor, but he did not know how to get rid of him. "For," he thought, "what if the little man should become angry? He might kill us all and make himself king."

At last the king thought of a plan, so he sent for the tailor and said: "In a forest not far from here live two cruel giants. They are robbers and very wicked, but no one dares to go near them for fear of being killed. If you will rid my land of these wicked monsters, I will give you my daughter for a wife and half of my kingdom. You shall also have one hundred horsemen to help you in any way that you may wish."

"Well," answered the tailor, "this seems a fair offer, and I will do it for you, though a man who

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has killed seven at one stroke has little need of one hundred horsemen."

However, the tailor took his hundred horsemen and set boldly out to find the giants. When he came to the edge of the wood he ordered the horsemen to stay where they were. This they were very glad to do, and he went on to fight the giants alone.

After a while the little tailor found the two giants lying fast asleep under a tree and snoring so loud that the leaves above them rattled and shook.

The little tailor at once set to work. He quickly filled both his pockets full of large stones. Then he climbed up into the tree, and creeping out over the first giant, he let fall one big stone after another.

At last the giant awoke. "What do you mean by hitting me like that?" he shouted in a great voice.

"You were dreaming," said the other giant; "I never touched you." And soon they were both asleep again.

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Then the little tailor dropped a very heavy stone upon the second giant, who woke up in a rage and cried: "You are striking me now! What do you mean by it?"

"I never struck you," said the first giant, with a roar.

By this time they were both very angry indeed and shook their fists at each other, but at last they lay down again and went to sleep.

As soon as their eyes were closed the tailor dropped the largest stone he could find upon the head of the first giant.

"This is too much!" he cried and struck the other giant so hard a blow that the ground shook.

Then the second giant gave him a blow, and the battle went on for hours. They pulled up huge trees, they threw rocks at each other, and the fight only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.

Then down jumped the little tailor from his tree, and drawing his sword, he gave a loud shout and ran quickly to the horsemen on the edge of the wood.

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"I have done it," he said; "they are both dead. It was no easy task, I can tell you, for they even pulled up trees they were so angry; but what could they do against a man who has killed seven at one stroke?"

"Are you not hurt?" asked one of the horsemen.

"Not in the least," answered the tailor.

And when the soldiers saw the two giants lying on the ground, they thought that the little tailor was a very brave man indeed.

Then the little tailor came before the king to claim his princess and half the kingdom, but the king said: "One thing more you must do before you can have your bride. In the great forest behind the castle there lives a wild boar, so large that none of my men will go out to hunt him. As soon as you have killed this beast for me, you shall surely have the princess."

"Why, that is nothing," answered the tailor. "I can do that as well as not." So he set out at once for the forest, but he left the horsemen outside just as he had done before.

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As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor he flew at him and would have thrown him to the ground, but the tailor was too quick for him and darted into a little church which stood near. The boar rushed in after him, but the brave little tailor had already jumped out of a window. Then running around to the front of the church, he quickly slammed the door and locked the boar in.

When the horsemen came and saw the prize they thought the little tailor was the bravest man in the world.

This time the king had to keep his word whether he liked it or not, and he gave to the brave little tailor the princess and half of his kingdom.

WILLIAM AND JACOB GRIMM

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HANS AND THE ROBBER

Hans was a good-natured boy, who had worked in a mill all his life. At length he became weary of so much hard work and decided to go and seek his fortune; so he went to the miller and said: "Master, I have served you long and faithfully. Now it is my wish to travel and see the world."

The miller was sorry to lose so faithful a servant and offered to pay Hans higher wages if he would stay with him another year.

"No," replied the boy, "for I have already saved a bagful of silver dollars from the wages that you have paid me in the past."

So the miller, seeing that the boy's mind was bent upon going, gave him a new suit of clothes and with tears in his eyes bade him good-by.

Just as he was about to leave the good miller, Hans spied a little brown feather lying in the road. "Ah, here is good luck to start with, for this feather will tell me which way I shall journey."

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Then holding the feather carefully between his fingers, he blew it straight up into the air, saying:

"A feather I'll pluck, a feather I'll blow,
Show, good feather, which way to go.
North, south, east, or west —
Choose, good feather, which path is best."

Now a strange thing happened, for the feather went straight up into the air, and then, after going this way and that as it slowly fell, it finally came to rest on the very spot where Hans had first picked it up.

"There," cried the miller, "it is plain to see what the feather tells you to do. You should stay with me and not wander into strange countries."

"You are wrong, master," replied Hans, "for it is quite plain that the feather says that whichever way I go I shall have good luck." So putting the silver dollars in his pocket, he passed down the road, whistling a merry tune.

After journeying many days Hans came to a deep wood, in which lived a wicked robber. For

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years this robber had made his living by taking the money from any traveler who tried to pass through the wood.

As Hans went whistling along, whom should he meet but the robber himself. Drawing his sword, he ordered poor Hans to stop. Hans dropped to his knees and begged the robber not to kill him.

"Have you any money?" demanded the robber.

"Indeed I have!" cried Hans, "and you shall have it all; only spare my life," and the poor boy brought out his bag of silver dollars.

When the robber had placed them in his pocket he noticed that the lad was strong, and thinking that he would make a good servant, he ordered Hans to follow him to his house. Here Hans was obliged to stay and work, without any pay and with very little to eat.

One day the robber said to Hans: "I expect a friend to dine with me to-night. Cook two of my chickens and see that they are ready in time."

Hans promised to do his best, and soon the chickens were roasting nicely before the fire.

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How good they smelled! Poor Hans wished that he might taste them, but he knew that his lot would be to pick the bones.

At length the dinner was done and ready to place upon the table. Running to the robber, Hans cried, "They are all cooked, master, and it is a pity that such good fowls should not be eaten when they are most juicy and tender."

The robber said: "My friend has not come, but what you say is true. It would be a pity for the dinner to grow cold." Then jumping up,

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he cried, "I will run to meet him myself and tell him to hurry."

As Hans lifted one of the chickens he burned his finger on a piece of the brown skin. At once he placed the smarting finger in his mouth to relieve the pain. The taste of the chicken was so good that he cried, "Come what will, I must have a piece of this tender meat"; and seizing his knife, he cut off a wing and quickly devoured it.

Then Hans said to himself, "Surely if one is gone, the other might as well go too," and the second wing followed the first.

When both wings were eaten he went out to look for the robber, but could not see him. "Who knows!" he thought, "perhaps his friend will not come at all, and then only one chicken will be needed. Surely I may as well finish what I have begun," and the hungry boy ate up the first chicken with great glee.

When this chicken was gone Hans looked with longing eyes upon the other and said: "Where one is, the other should be likewise.

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The two surely go together. What is right for one is right for the other." So Hans sat down and finished the second chicken.

Just then the robber came rushing into the house and cried: "Hasten, boy, and serve the chickens! My friend comes right behind me." And taking the knife with which he intended to carve the chickens, he went outside and began to sharpen it on the stone at the back door.

When there came a knock at the front door Hans ran quickly to open it. As soon as he caught sight of the man, Hans placed his fingers on his lips, and pointing over his shoulder, whispered: "Hush! hush! get away as quickly as you can, for if my master catches you, it will be the worse for you. He asked you to supper, but he is an evil man, for he intends to cut off both your ears. Just listen, and you will hear him sharpening the knife with which to do it."

The man listened, and when he heard the robber sharpening the knife on the stone he turned and darted down the path as if mad dogs were after him.

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Hans shut the door with a bang, and running to the robber, exclaimed: "Oh, master, your friend is a thief, for while my back was turned he seized the two chickens. See! there he goes, running away as fast as his two legs can carry him."

"That was a fine trick indeed!" exclaimed the robber, "for if he had left me only one, it would not have been so bad." And still holding the knife, he ran down the path after his friend, shouting, "Stop, stop! just one, just one!" meaning that his friend should leave one chicken and not take both. But the man in front, of course, thought he meant to cut off just one of his ears instead of both, and he only ran the faster.

How far they ran or how long they ran Hans never knew, for seizing his bag of silver dollars, he started back through the woods toward the home of the miller.

At the first sight of the old mill Hans began to run. "How glad I am to be here!" he thought. "How I like to hear the rumble of

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the old mill wheel! I wonder if my master will take me back. What a foolish boy I was to run away from a good home!"

At length he saw the miller standing in the door of the mill. Hans rushed forward and cried: "Oh, master, master! the feather was right. I should have stayed and worked for you. My journey has brought me nothing but hard work and poor food."

The good miller never grew tired of hearing the story of the robber and his friend, which Hans always closed by saying, "Indeed, master, if they have not stopped, I think the two may be running yet!"

German Folk Tale

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AN OCEAN VOYAGE—I

While Maud was spending her summer vacation in a small town not far from New York her two cousins, Robert and Rolo, came to make her a visit. It happened that Maud's papa and mamma had to go away for a few days to the city, and all the children were left in charge of their Aunt Alice and old Nora, the cook.

At first everything went smoothly, but soon Aunt Alice was taken sick, and the children were left very much to themselves.

Robert and Maud spent most of the time reading. They were both much interested in the story of Robinson Crusoe, which they had just read for the first time. Even little Rolo became excited over poor Robinson Crusoe and did not lose a word of the story.

"How I should like to travel!" cried Maud.

"If I were big, I would sail and sail, until I went around the whole world," said Robert.

"I should like to eat the sweet coconuts," said Rolo.

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"Donald, the gardener's son, told me that once he went down the river until he came to the ocean," said Robert.

"All rivers flow into the ocean. It says so in my geography," said Maud.

"You can't drink the water in the ocean," cried Rolo, "because it's salt."

"If we could only have a ship," said Maud, "perhaps we might find Robinson Crusoe's island. What a pity such an interesting island as that should be lost!"

"Perhaps we might even find great lands, just as Christopher Columbus did," said Robert.

"Oh, Robert! if you were only captain of a ship, what fun it would be!" cried Maud.

"I know how to row, anyway," said Robert, proudly; "I have rowed once already."

Just then Rolo caught sight of Tom, the cat, at the farthest end of the garden and ran to catch him.

"Robert," said Maud, "it is very stupid staying here. Why could n't we hire a boat and sail to the ocean?"

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"That's just the thing!" cried Robert. "Why can't all of us go on a long voyage?"

"But Rolo is very little," said Maud.

"No," shouted Rolo, who had just come up, "I am a big boy! I am five years old. I want to sail on the ocean, too."

"All right," said Robert, "you shall go."

"If mamma were here, we would ask her to let us go," said Maud.

"We do not need to ask anybody," said Robert.

"Aunt Alice is afraid of everything," said Maud.

"And old Nora is very cross," said Robert.

"Nora makes nice cookies," said Rolo.

"When we have sailed on the ocean and found our island," said Maud, "we can come back and give it to papa."

"The only trouble is, we have no ship," said Robert.

As Robert said this, little Donald, the gardener's son, walked up with a piece of bread and butter in one hand and a big red apple in the other.

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"Donald," said Maud, "don't you know of some ship or boat which we could get? If you will find me one, I will give you two cents."

Donald's mouth was full, but he nodded his head, and finally he told her that he would bring her a boat the next day.

Early in the morning, while the children were in the garden, little Donald brought Maud a boat which he had cut out of a small piece of wood.

Maud was angry when she saw it, but Rolo thought that the boat was pretty and quite large enough.

"Well, take it then," said Maud.

As Rolo took the boat, Donald held out his hand for the two cents which Maud had promised him, but Maud had forgotten all about the money.

"Here! here are your two cents, Donald," said Robert, reaching deep into his pocket.

While Donald jingled the pennies in his hand Maud explained to him that what they wanted was a real ship — a ship with a captain and even an admiral, a boat which could go on the water with people in it.

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As soon as Donald had found out what Maud wanted he ran quickly along the side of the river which flowed near the garden, and there, under the bank, he showed them a large boat, tied to a tree.

The boat had two seats, two oars, a rudder, and a hole in which to put a pole with a flag at the end.

"Ah! that's just what we want," cried Maud.

"With this ship," said Robert, "we could easily go to the end of the world."

While Maud and Rolo were looking at the boat Robert took Donald to one side. After he had made him promise not to say a word about it he told him that their plan was to sail around the world. He told Donald he might go with them too, if he wished.

At first Donald did not know what to say, but finally he thought he should like to go if Robert was sure that there would be plenty of good things to eat on the boat.

"Of course there will be good things to eat," said Robert.

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"Then I will go," said Donald.

In naming the boat, Robert thought it ought to be called the *Maud.* They all liked this name except Rolo, who thought the ship should be called the *Rolo.*

Donald told them that his father took care of the boat, and that it belonged to a man who painted pictures. The man owned two boats, but never used this one because it was so big.

One after the other they scrambled down the bank into the boat and then began to name the officers. Maud, who was the first to think of the plan, was chosen admiral, Robert was made captain, while Rolo and Donald took all the other offices.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE — II

The admiral and the captain planned to start the great voyage on Thursday morning. This gave them two whole days in which to get ready. They all promised to save what they could from their meals, so as to have as much food as

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possible. Maud, the admiral, ordered each one to take clothing for warm, and also for cold, weather.

The children were very busy those two days, running here and there, carrying bundles down through the garden to the boat.

Little Donald was a great help to them, and although only seven years old, he was always ready to do whatever the others wanted.

As her part of the stores, Maud carried to the ship a box full of ribbons and strings of glass beads to trade with the savages. She also took her warm cape for cold weather, her umbrella for rainy weather, and her parasol to keep off the sun when they came to Africa.

Robert took a gun and a map of the world, which he had studied again and again.

Rolo brought a box of candy, besides three crackers, an orange, a bag of marbles, two tops, and a drum. He wanted, also, to take Tom to catch any mice which they might find. But when Donald told him that cats did not like water, he said he would leave Tom with Nora, who would be sure to take good care of him.

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At length it was time to start. Admiral Maud had looked over the supplies and had found that everything was ready.

All at once Captain Robert stopped working.

"What is the matter?" asked the admiral.

"We almost forgot Rover!" cried the captain.

"Why, so we did," said Maud; "Rover would be such a help to us. He isn't afraid of anything, not even of lions or tigers."

"We must not leave Rover," said Robert.

Rover was very glad to be allowed to go and showed by the wagging of his tail that they could always count on him.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE — III

The admiral was the first to go on board; next came Rolo, who took a seat at the farther end of the boat. Rover lay down at Rolo's feet, his head resting on the knees of his little master.

Robert and Donald sat down in the middle of the boat, each holding an oar. The admiral,

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with her spyglass in her hand, stood up proudly in the front of the ship.

The order was given to Donald to raise the anchor, and he quickly untied the rope which held them to the shore. At once the boat began to glide over the water.

"See! see! the current is helping us," cried Captain Robert.

The land floated by them. The trees and the houses seemed to be running away. The garden was already out of sight. The ship sailed grandly past the green banks. There were fields all dotted with flowers, on both sides of them. Rolo wanted to stop and pick some flowers for his Aunt Alice.

"Of course you can't!" shouted the admiral; then turning to Robert, she asked, "Captain Robert, how fast are we going?"

"Over a thousand miles an hour," said Robert; "at this rate, we shall soon be in Europe."

The river began to grow larger and larger. "We are in the bay; turn your rudder!" cried Robert.

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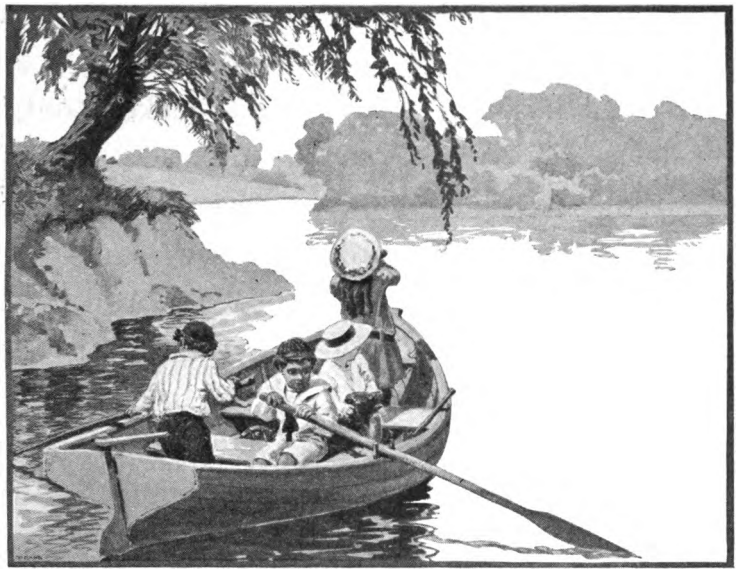

The admiral tried to turn the boat, and Captain Robert pulled hard at his oar. The ship began to turn round and round.

In some way Robert splashed a few drops of water over Rolo's head.

"I think it is raining," cried Rolo.

"Oh, no, it is n't, Rolo," said Robert.

"Why, yes, it is raining, too," said Rolo. "When drops come down it always rains."

Little Donald, who had found out that the less they rowed the faster they went, had long

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ago stopped work. He now took some nuts from his pocket and began to crack them.

"Give me some, Donald, all picked out," said Rolo.

As the boat glided on, the river grew much broader. They could hardly see its banks.

"The ocean! the ocean!" cried Captain Robert.

"It must be the Atlantic Ocean," said the admiral.

Donald thought that the river had only overflowed its banks, which made it look like a big pond, but he did not say so.

Rolo began to feel a little hungry, and when Donald asked him what he would like to eat he said that all he wanted was his bowl of bread and milk. Donald offered him an apple and a cracker.

"I don't want those," said Rolo. "I want my bowl of milk."

"If I could go on shore," said Donald, "I could get you some from that farmhouse over there."

"But you can't go on shore," said the admiral, "for you would be captured by the savages."

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"There they are now," cried Robert, pointing to some boys bathing near the shore.

"Are those real live savages?" asked Rolo, who had begun to be a little afraid.

"Oh, no, those are not savages; those are some boys I have played with lots of times," said Donald. But the captain did not believe a word of it and ordered them to sail away from this dangerous coast of Africa as fast as they could.

When Maud heard that they were near Africa she took off her hat, raised her umbrella, and said, "Oh, how warm it is!"

The whole company now began to feel a little hungry, and the captain ordered Donald to bring the food from the box under the seat.

While they were eating, it became cloudy and great drops of rain began to fall. "We are in a very bad place," said Captain Robert. "There have been a great many shipwrecks about here. Do you see that cape running out into the sea?" showing a point of land a little way off.

"Why, yes; that is the end of Mr. Brown's meadow," said Donald.

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"Meadow!" cried the captain, "that's all you know about it. That point there is the Cape of Good Hope, the lowest part of Africa, and we shall soon come to the Indian Ocean."

"The Indian Ocean!" cried the admiral. "What a long way we have sailed!"

"I don't like the rain," said Rolo. "I am wet already."

Robert asked Donald if he had thought to bring along a tent.

"No," said Donald, "but I should think we could go on shore and get under a tree."

"We can't do that," cried the admiral. "It might be dangerous."

Donald sat for a while, thinking very hard. At length he said, "We might tie the oars together and cover them with Nora's big apron, for a tent."

"I am sure that would be very nice," said the admiral. The tent was soon made, and they used the strings of the apron to fasten it down.

The storm did not last long. It soon passed away like a summer shower. The admiral now

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put up her spyglass again and took a long look all around. At length she cried, "Land! land!"

"What land is it?" asked Robert.

"It looks like an island," answered Maud, "for there seems to be water all around it."

Captain Robert looked carefully at his map and then said, "It must be the island of Borneo."

"I should like to land on Borneo," said the admiral. But the wind blew them the other way, and the island soon passed out of sight.

Rolo, who wished to do what every one else did, looked through his little half-closed hand, as if through a spyglass, and said that he could see smoke.

"That's so," said Robert. "It must be a volcano."

"Is that a volcano?" asked Donald. "Now I know what a volcano is. It is old Mr. Clark's blacksmith shop."

"Blacksmith shop!" cried the captain with scorn. "The idea of taking a volcano for a blacksmith shop!"

"He doesn't know what he is talking about," said Maud.

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Donald had nothing to say, but he thought the current was very strong and that they were going farther and farther from home.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE — IV

The boat moved swiftly on. They had passed by continents, peninsulas, and islands of all sizes, made by the rising water.

Robert and Maud had seen the East Indies and Australia. They were now on the Pacific Ocean and sailing smoothly along.

All at once they saw right ahead of them a large island, and this time it was a real island. The captain studied his map and made sure that it was the famous island of Robinson Crusoe.

"Oh, how nice that will be!" cried the admiral.

"How nice!" cried Rolo. "Now we can have bananas and coconuts and pineapples and oranges and all kinds of good things."

"That," said Donald, who had forgotten his last mistake, "is Johnson's Island. I have been there twice with Cousin Roger."

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This made the admiral angry, and she told Donald to keep still.

While Admiral Maud and Captain Robert were busy looking at the island, the boat was going at full speed upon some large rocks.

The admiral had just time enough to shout, "We are lost!" when the ship bumped on the rocks, and Maud, Robert, Rolo, and Rover went tumbling over one another into the bottom of the boat. They all scrambled to their feet except Captain Robert, who had a black and blue spot on his leg.

Rolo was not hurt, but he felt bad because he had lost his stick of red-and-white candy in the water and was afraid that the greedy fishes would eat it all up.

Rover bravely jumped into the water and swam to the shore, where he barked and ran around as if he would like to have all of his good friends follow him.

"Our ship must be badly wrecked, driven in between these great rocks," cried the captain, rubbing his leg.

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"Those big stones were put there for people to step on," said Donald.

Rolo had been looking over the side of the boat into the water for his stick of candy. He looked and looked, until finally he saw it at the bottom of the sea. With a cry of joy he shouted, "O Donald, if you want to be really good to me, get me my stick of candy."

Donald, without any fuss, took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers, and jumped into the water. He soon found the lost stick of candy and gave it to Rolo.

When Rolo at last got the candy into his chubby fist he found that the piece was much smaller than it was before he dropped it into the water. He thought the bad fishes must have been nibbling it.

"Oh, no, they did n't," said Donald. "Sugar things always melt away in water."

But Rolo did not believe him and looked over the side of the boat for the fish who would dare to touch his stick of candy.

"I see him! I see him!" shouted Rolo, jumping

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up, for he had seen at the bottom of the water an animal creeping toward Donald.

"Look out for that big thing there!" cried Rolo. "See how he opens his big claws!"

When the captain looked over the side to see what was the matter, he said: "That's nothing but a lobster, Rolo. You need n't be afraid of him."

Donald now caught sight of the lobster, and stooping down, he bravely brought it out of the water.

"This is n't a lobster," said Donald. "It 's a crab."

Donald began to look under all the big stones for more and soon caught four fine crabs, which he put in the bottom of the boat.

As soon as the crabs were in the boat they looked around for a way to get out, and some of them began to creep toward Rolo. Rolo, who was frightened, raised his little legs as high in the air as he could and began to call on Donald for help. To please Rolo, Donald caught the crabs again and put them into his little red cap.

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AN OCEAN VOYAGE — V

After talking it all over, the admiral and the captain decided that it was best to leave the ship.

Donald at once waded to the shore and pulled the boat up as close as he could to the stones. The admiral at first held back a little, the stones looked so slippery. Rolo thought they looked slippery, too, but Donald came and carried him on his back to the shore, where Rover met him with loud barks and joyous wags of his tail.

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Wading back, Donald gave Maud an oar for each hand, and as she jumped from one stone to another he walked in the water beside her.

Robert, like a good captain, did not leave the ship until he saw all his crew safe on shore.

"If this is Robinson Crusoe's island," said Maud, "we ought to find his house and cave."

"Yes, indeed," said Robert. "Let's go and hunt for them."

They started off at once, leaving Rolo in the charge of Donald and Rover.

At last they found a tree with fruit on it which looked very much like apples. Of course it could not be an apple tree, for there were not any on Robinson Crusoe's island.

"I'm going to pick some," said Robert.

"Oh, no, you must n't. What if they should be poison?" But in spite of what Maud said, Robert jumped up and pulled one off.

"It does n't smell anything like an apple," said Robert, "but I'll put it in my pocket, anyway."

Soon after they left the apple tree they came

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to some woods. "How dark it seems in among all those trees," said Maud.

"You go behind me, Maud," cried Robert, bravely.

"No," said Maud, taking Robert's hand, "we will go on together."

As they were walking softly over the matted leaves they heard a strange noise from the depths of the forest.

"Do you suppose that was a lion?" asked Robert.

"Let 's run and take care of Rolo," cried Maud, and turning, they ran as fast as they could until they reached the shore.

When they got back to the others they found that Rolo had stopped playing because he was hungry.

"Where are the bananas and oranges you said we should find?" asked Rolo. Then Maud was very sorry and had to tell Rolo that they had not yet found any.

"If we only had some matches, we might make a fire," said Robert; "and then if any boat

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came along, the men in it would see us and take us off."

"I have some matches in my pocket," said Donald. "We can build a fire easily enough"; and he went at once to find some dry wood to make a blaze. He soon came back with his arms full of branches, and it was not long before he had the fire crackling just in front of a huge rock.

Rolo, as he watched the fire, felt much better.

Just then they all heard the same noise which had frightened Robert and Maud in the woods.

"The lion! the lion!" cried Robert.

"Oh, no," said Donald. "That? why, that's a cow; that is n't a lion."

The more Robert thought about it, the more it did sound like a cow, and at last he had to give in that for once Donald was right.

They heard the cow mooing again, and this time the sound was nearer.

"Yes," said Rolo, "I am sure that is the voice of a good cow, and I wish I had some of her milk to drink."

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"It must be a wild cow," said Robert.

"Never mind," said Maud. "We must try to find her, and then we will tame her."

"And I will get on her back and ride," said fat little Rolo, who would always much rather ride than walk.

The children all entered the woods together. They had not gone far when they saw, through an opening in the trees, a strange man who had a long beard and a pointed hat.

The man sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, under a white umbrella with its long handle stuck into the ground. He was looking sharply at a large square piece of cardboard which he held in his lap.

"Let's run," said Rolo. "It's a savage!"

"What if he should be Robinson Crusoe himself?" said Maud.

"It must be Robinson Crusoe," said Robert. "Aren't we on his island, and isn't that his umbrella?"

"Poor Robinson Crusoe," said Maud. "And everybody thought he was dead! I never did like

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the end of his story, and now it will be so nice to have him alive, for he can tell us all about it himself."

Robert and Maud stood peeking out from behind a big tree. Rolo, seeing that Robert and Maud were hiding, also got behind a tree.

Now the tree which he had chosen was very, very small indeed. It did not hide poor fat Rolo much more than a big darning needle would have done. This made no difference to Rolo, for he was sure that he was well hidden. Besides, he

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had shut his eyes with all his might, and that, of course, was the very best way not to be seen.

Donald did not hide at all. He stood out boldly in full view.

"Why," said Donald, all at once, "your Robinson Crusoe is the painter man! He goes out almost every day with Cousin Roger to draw pictures."

Just then Rover went up to the strange man and began to wag his tail.

Robinson Crusoe seemed to be very glad to see him. "Oh, it's you, is it?" the children heard him say. "What can you be doing on this island? Did you run away and swim across the river? Oh, yes, I see, you have come to get a piece of sugar."

The children saw Robinson Crusoe reach into his pocket and bring up a big lump of sugar. He put it on Rover's nose, who stood up on his hind legs like a soldier. Then he motioned with his finger for Rover not to move.

"One!" said the man, "two!" and clapping his hands, he shouted, "three!"

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No sooner did he say "three!" than Rover gave a jump, the sugar flew into the air, and the dog caught it in his mouth before it could fall to the ground.

"Well done!" said the man, "well done! You have earned your dinner." Then he gave Rover a piece of bread, which he swallowed at one mouthful.

Rolo opened his eyes just in time to see the bread go quickly down the dog's throat. He thought Rover was very selfish not to have saved him a piece.

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The man now looked up, and the first thing he saw was Rolo hiding behind his little birch tree.

Rolo, finding the eyes of the savage fixed upon him, closed his again with all his might. He was as quiet as a little mouse caught in a trap.

"Hello, little boy!" said the man. "Did you come up out of the ground?"

Then, one after another, he caught sight of all the children.

"Well, well!" said he, rising. "Do babies grow on this island?"

Maud was the first to speak. "Please, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, if you'll only promise not to hurt us, I will tell you all about it."

"Why, my dear children," said the man, "I would n't hurt you for the world. Tell me just how you came here."

Robert now broke in, saying, "Maud is not to blame, nor Rolo, nor Donald; only punish me, Mr. Crusoe."

Then Robert gave the story of their travels, naming the countries they had passed on their

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voyage. He also told of the dangers they had met and the shipwreck of the boat. He ended by saying that they were all very hungry and would be greatly obliged to Mr. Crusoe if he could spare them a little food.

When Robert had finished, Robinson Crusoe gathered the children close about him. Then he told Robert and Maud in a kind way that they had done very wrong to go off in the boat while their mamma and papa were not at home to look after them.

He said that this was not Robinson Crusoe's island at all, but the same island that Donald had told them about.

"Now, if you will promise never to run away again," said the man, "I will take you to the other end of the island, where I have left my boat, and you may all have as much bread and butter as you can eat."

As he spoke he looked at his watch and said: "Why, it is four o'clock already. We must row hard to get home before dark. But where is Rolo? Has he run away?"

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"Rolo has gone to sleep," said Donald, pointing to a fat little figure curled up on a bed of moss.

"Don't wake him up," said the man, and taking Rolo in his strong arms, he started with his new friends toward the boat.

Maud walked beside him and finally said, "So you are not really Robinson Crusoe at all?"

"No," said the man, smiling, "I am not Robinson Crusoe. I am a friend of Maud's father, who invited me to visit him to paint pictures. I am staying at the hotel until he comes back."

They had not far to go, and soon all were seated in Cousin Roger's boat, munching bread and butter to their heart's content. Before they had finished, the painter took his oars and began to row up the stream.

As they came near home they saw many people running here and there along the shore.

Maud, who thought she saw her papa, gave a great shout, "Papa! papa!"

Sure enough, there were her papa and her mamma too, who had come back from the city. How glad they were when they heard Maud's

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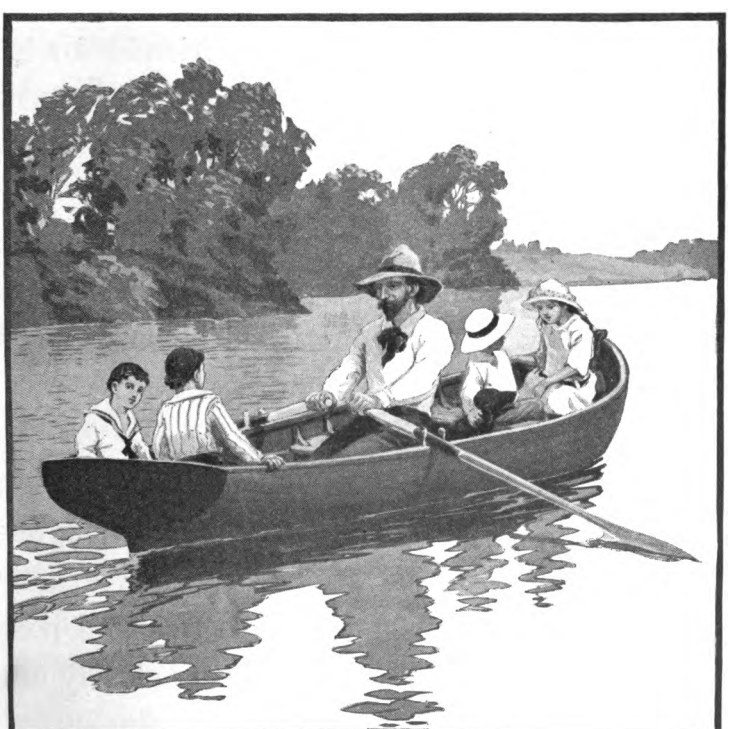
voice, and how happy the children felt to see their home once more, after so long and stormy a voyage!

Their friend of the island soon made them a visit, and after a little while Rolo thought he liked the good painter the best of anybody, except, perhaps, Rover.

Adapted from the French



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BLUEBEARD

Once upon a time there lived a very rich man. He had a castle in the country and a castle in the city. His dishes were made of gold and silver, and even his carriage was covered with gold leaf, while the horses that drew the carriage wore golden harnesses.

In spite of his riches he had no friends, for besides being very ugly, he was thought to be very wicked, although no one really knew of anything wicked that he had done.

One of the things which gave him such an ugly look was a long beard, bright blue in color, of which he was very proud. In fact, he was known throughout the country, far and wide, as Bluebeard.

Now Bluebeard had been married many times, but in some strange way, his wives had died, one after the other. Nobody seemed to know exactly how or why, but Bluebeard was so rich and powerful that no one dared to inquire very closely into the matter.

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There lived near Bluebeard's city castle a woman who had two beautiful daughters. Meeting the mother one morning, he stopped his gilded coach and said to her: "Madam, I have seen your beautiful daughters. I should like to make one of them my wife. I care not which one it is. You may choose for me."

The mother was much pleased that so rich a man should wish to marry one of her daughters. "I will speak to them, Sir Bluebeard," said she, and at this answer he drove away.

Neither of the daughters liked the idea of marrying so ugly a man, and besides they remembered the number of wives he had already lost, so they refused to marry him.

When Bluebeard heard this he invited the mother and her two daughters to visit his castle in the country for a week of merrymaking.

Here, together with a number of young people, they passed the time in dancing and feasting, at parties and balls and dinners.

The nights were all too short for such merrymaking, and no one thought of going to bed at all.

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Bluebeard made himself so friendly that the younger daughter began to think that he was quite a fine gentleman, and that a blue beard was not so bad a thing after all. So shortly afterwards the two were married, and the wedding feast was the most splendid that had ever been seen.

In a few weeks Bluebeard told his wife that he was called away on important business which would take at least a month. He said he was very sorry to go so soon after their marriage, but in order that she might have as much pleasure as possible, he would turn over to her both of his castles for her amusement.

"Invite your friends, as many as you wish," said the gallant Bluebeard. "Have parties and dances and balls and give every one a good time."

Then, opening a strong box, he handed her a huge bunch of keys and showed her what each one would open.

"This," he said, "is the key to my great store-room; these are keys to the strong chests that hold my treasure; this one opens a closet where my best gold and silver plate is kept; these

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open the caskets that contain my jewels. This key is a master key and opens every room in my palaces, except the one which this last key unlocks," and Bluebeard, as he said this, handed his wife a strange-looking key.

"This last key opens the closet at the end of a long hall on the lowest floor of my country castle. This closet alone I forbid you to enter. If you dare to disobey me, I shall be so angry that you may fear anything from my hands," and as Bluebeard spoke, his eyes grew hard and stern.

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His wife promised to obey him faithfully in all things, and Bluebeard jumped into his gilded coach and was whirled away by his six coal-black horses.

Bluebeard had hardly disappeared in the distance, before his wife had invited all her friends and relatives to visit her at her beautiful castle in the country. You may believe that they were eager to accept, as they wished to see the wonders and the riches of the great Bluebeard, whose castle no one had ever dared to enter before.

How proud Bluebeard's wife was as she showed her friends the great rooms! How her guests admired the beautiful paintings, the rich furniture, and the splendid mirrors, which were so large that the visitors could see themselves from top to toe. They could not say enough of the wonderful riches of Bluebeard.

After a while Bluebeard's wife gave little heed to all their talk and babble. She could think of but one thing. Her mind was bent, not on what she could have, but upon the one thing which her husband had forbidden her to have.

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"Oh, if I could but see the closet which is opened by this strange-looking key," she thought. "I am sure there are more wonders there than in all of the other rooms together. Why did my husband forbid me to enter? He must have had some secret reason. Ah, if I could only just look in at the door!"

At last she could stand it no longer, and without saying a word to her guests, she ran swiftly down the great marble stairway and through the long hall at the end of which was the forbidden door.

Standing with the key in her hand she stopped for just a moment, as she thought of her husband's commands.

"I *will* look," she said, and thrusting the key into the lock, she opened the door.

The light was so dim that at first she could see very little, but as her eyes grew stronger she noticed terrible bloodstains upon the floor. Then, to her horror, she beheld the heads of Bluebeard's former wives hanging from great iron nails driven into the wall.

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With a shriek she turned and fled from the room. She did not stop until she had reached her own chamber, when, glancing at the fatal key, she noticed that on one side there was a bright red stain. She tried to remove it by rubbing, but the more she rubbed the brighter it grew.

"Oh, what have I done! What will my husband say!" the poor girl cried.

That very evening Bluebeard returned. He said that he had received news which had shortened his visit.

His wife tried to make him think that she was glad to see him, but really he was the last person in the world she wished to see.

The next morning Bluebeard turned to his wife and said, "Where are my keys?" and his wife, who had been dreading this question, gave the huge bunch into his hand.

Bluebeard looked them through, counting slowly one by one.

"Where is the key to the closet at the end of the hall?" he demanded.

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"I must have left that in my room," said his trembling wife.

"Go and get it at once," ordered Bluebeard.

When she had brought it to him he looked at it and said, "Why is this bloodstain upon the key?"

"I do not know," answered his wife, with fear in her eyes.

"You know very well," replied Bluebeard. "You wished to enter the forbidden closet, and now you may go in and take your place with the others who have gone before you."

His wife fell screaming at his feet, pleading for mercy.

"You have disobeyed my orders; you must die," repeated Bluebeard.

"Let me live a little longer," she begged, "that I may say my prayers."

Her pleading would have melted any heart that was not made of stone. Bluebeard's heart was harder than iron, but at length he said, "I will give you a half of a quarter of an hour; at the end of that time you must die."

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As soon as Bluebeard left her she ran to her sister. "Anne, Sister Anne!" she cried, "my husband says he will kill me. He has given me but a few minutes in which to live. Run, run, I pray you, to the top of the tower and see if our brothers are not coming. They promised to come to-day. If you see them, signal to them to make haste."

Sister Anne climbed the winding stairway leading to the top of the tower, and every little while her poor sister called up to her, "Anne, Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?" And Sister Anne would answer, "No, I see nothing but the sun and the green grass."

Now the poor girl heard Bluebeard, who bore a great sword in his hand, calling out from below: "Come down to me. Your time is up."

"One minute more," replied his wife and then in a low voice, "Anne, Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"I see nothing but the sun, and the grass growing green."

"Come down quickly," shouted Bluebeard, "or I will go after you."

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"I am coming," answered his wife, and again she cried, "Anne, Sister Anne! do you not see anything coming?"

"I see," replied Sister Anne, "a cloud of dust as big as a man's hand."

"Is it my brothers?"

"Alas, no, my sister. It is only a shepherd with his flock of sheep."

"Are you coming down?" roared Bluebeard.

"I am coming," answered his poor wife. "Anne, Sister Anne! do you not see anything coming?"

"Yes, I see two men on horseback, but they are a great way off. Yes, yes, I can now see they are our brothers. I am beckoning to them to hasten."

"Come down!" roared Bluebeard, so loud that the house shook.

The poor wife at last crept slowly down the long stairway and threw herself, weeping, at his feet.

"Do not plead with me," said Bluebeard. "You must die." And holding her hair with one hand, he raised his sharp sword in order to strike off her head.

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Suddenly there was a loud knocking outside the gate. At the sound, Bluebeard's sword fell with a clatter to the floor.

The gate flew open and two men sprang in, armed with great swords.

Bluebeard saw that they were the brothers of his wife, and turning, he ran swiftly down the long hall. After him ran the enraged brothers, waving their swords in the air. In a moment more they had caught him and stabbed him to death.

It was found that Bluebeard had left no heirs, and so his young wife became the owner of the two beautiful castles and all the wealth they contained.

Part of this wealth she gave to her sister Anne, who married a very worthy man. She also made her brothers rich presents, and in the end she herself married a gentleman who made her forget her life with Bluebeard and with whom she lived happily ever after.

CHARLES PERRAULT

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ZADIG

There lived at Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, a young man named Zadig.

One day as Zadig was walking near a little wood he saw one of the king's servants coming toward him, followed by several officers of high rank.

They ran rapidly to and fro like men eagerly searching for something of great value which they had lost.

"Young man," said the first servant, "have you seen the queen's dog?"

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"Is the queen's dog a very small spaniel," asked Zadig, "and does he limp just a little with the left forefoot, and has he very long ears indeed?"

"Ah! you have seen him," said the servant, quite out of breath. "That is the queen's dog exactly."

"No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen him, nor did I so much as know that the good queen had a dog."

Now it also happened at the same time that the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from his keeper and had run away on the plains of Babylon. The chief huntsman and all the other officers ran in search of him, but he could not be found.

At last the chief huntsman met Zadig and asked, "Have you seen the king's horse pass this way?"

"Is he the fleetest horse in the king's stable?" asked Zadig.

"Yes," said the huntsman.

"Is he five feet high, with very small hoofs?" inquired Zadig.

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"Yes, yes," said the huntsman, "that is the king's horse."

"And are the rings of his bit made of pure gold, and are his shoes made of silver?"

"Which way did he go?" demanded the chief huntsman.

"I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and, to tell the truth, I never heard of the king's horse before."

The chief huntsman and the first servant did not doubt that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's dog, for how else could he describe them so exactly? They took him, therefore, before the judge, who ordered him to be shut up in prison for the rest of his life.

Hardly had Zadig entered the prison when both the horse and the spaniel were found, so the judge was obliged to let Zadig go free, but first he had to pay a heavy fine.

Now the king and queen heard the tale and wondered at it, so they had Zadig brought before them at the castle and ordered him to tell his story.

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Zadig, bowing low before the king and queen, spoke thus: "Ye Stars of Justice, since I am permitted to speak, I swear to you that I have never seen the queen's good spaniel nor the sacred horse of the King of Kings. The truth of the matter is as follows:

"I was walking toward the little wood where I later met the queen's servant and the noble chief huntsman. I noticed on the sand the tracks of an animal and could easily see that they were made by a little dog. On either side of the track were light lines, where the sand had been gently brushed. These showed me that the little dog had very long ears, which touched the sand. I saw, also, that always the tracks made by one of the feet were lighter than those made by the other three, which taught me at once that the spaniel of our noble queen was a little lame in one of his front feet.

"With regard to the horse of the King of Kings, you will be pleased to know that, walking in the lanes of this wood, I saw the marks of a horse's shoes, all at the same distance apart. 'This must

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be a horse that trots evenly and fast,' said I to myself. I noticed, too, where the horse passed under the limb of a tree five feet from the ground, that the leaves on the branch were newly fallen; from which I judged that the horse had knocked them off, and that he must therefore be five feet in height.

"As to his bit, I knew it must be pure gold, for in eating grass beside the path he had rubbed its edges against a stone, and I saw at once that it was of the purest metal. Also I knew his shoes to be of silver, for where they had touched the rough stones of the road a bit of the bright metal had been rubbed off."

Both the king and queen admired Zadig for the sharpness of his wit and for his great learning. Before he left their court they presented him with many rich gifts.

VOLTAIRE

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A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to Sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE—I

One winter night when all the plain was white with moonlight there galloped across it a great, tall, black horse. Its rider was a man, also big and black. He carried before him on the saddle a woman and a child.

The woman was to live in a lonely tower with the child. That she might take the greatest care of him, she was only allowed to live as long as he lived, not a minute longer.

He was a gentle little boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile. He had become very tired with his long journey. He held tightly to the man's neck, and the man's face, black as it was, looked kindly at him. He was very helpless, with his poor crippled legs which could neither stand nor run away.

The forlorn boy was Prince Dolor. He had been sent away from his home under charge of these two, the woman and the black man. The man was deaf and dumb, so that he could neither hear nor repeat anything.

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When they reached the tower there was light enough to see a huge chain which hung halfway down the side of the wall. The deaf-mute lifted a kind of ladder to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower and with a long rope let down a chair. In this the woman and child placed themselves and were drawn up safely. They were never to come down again as long as they lived.

Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces, and placed it in his pack. Then he rode away across the plain.

Every month the boy and the woman used to watch for the black horse and its rider, and they never failed to come. Each time the great black man fastened his horse at the foot of the tower and climbed up as before. He brought food, books, toys, and many other things. He always saw the prince, in order to make sure that the child was alive and well. Then he went away until the following month.

While he was only a little child Prince Dolor was happy enough. There was nobody to tease

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him or annoy him, and he was never ill. He played about from room to room. There were four of these — parlor, kitchen, his nurse's bedroom, and his own. He learned to crawl like a fly and to jump like a frog and to run about on all fours almost as fast as a puppy.

As Prince Dolor grew older he liked to sit quietly by himself. He would look out of the windows and watch the sky above and the ground below. He saw the storms sweeping over and the sunshine coming and going and the shadows of the clouds running races across the plain.

By and by the little prince began to learn lessons. His nurse had not been told to teach him, but she did it partly to amuse herself. She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy. His cry, "What can I do? What can you find for me to do?" was then stopped, at least for an hour or two in the day.

From that time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin and to shut himself up for hours without speaking. His nurse had been forbidden to tell him who he was or

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what he might have been. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in books. He used to think if he could only fly out of the window, up to the sky or down to the plain, what fun it would be!

His nurse had once told him in anger that he would never leave the tower until he died.

"I wish I had somebody to tell me all about everything," he thought one day, "a real live person, who would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody dreadfully!"

Just then there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as if made by a stick or a cane. Twisting himself round, he saw — what do you think he saw?

A little woman, no bigger than he might have been had his legs grown like those of other children. But she was not a child; she was an old woman. Her hair was gray, her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved.

She dropped her cane, held out two tiny hands, and said: "My own little boy, I could not come

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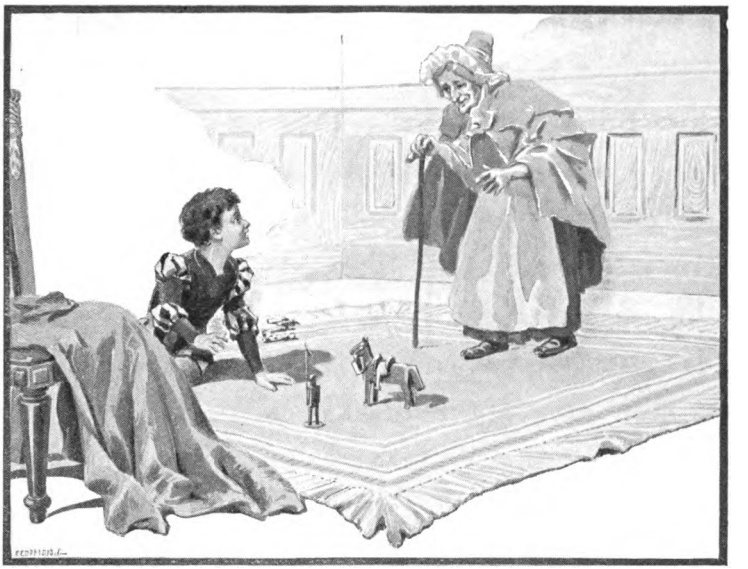

to you until you had said you wanted me. Now that you do want me, here I am."

"You are very welcome," replied the prince, trying to speak politely, as princes always do in books. "May I ask who you are? perhaps my mother?" He knew that little boys usually had mothers and had wondered what had become of his own.

"No," said the visitor, "I am not your mother, though she was a dear friend of mine. You are very much like her."

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"Will you tell her to come to see me, then?"

"She cannot; but I dare say she knows all about you. She loves you very much, and so do I. I want to help you all I can, my poor little boy."

"Why do you call me poor?" asked Prince Dolor in surprise.

The little old woman glanced down at his legs and feet. He did not know that they were different from those of other children. Then she looked at his sweet, bright face. It was very different from many children's faces, which are often fretful and cross.

"I beg your pardon, my dear little prince," said she.

"Yes, I am a prince, and my name is Dolor. Will you tell me yours?"

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have so many names that I don't know which to choose. However I gave you yours, and you will belong to me all your days. I am your godmother."

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"Hurrah!" cried the little prince, "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me? I have all kinds of toys and things."

So they sat down and played together. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"No, godmother; I have plenty to eat and drink, and my lessons to do, and my books to read — lots of books."

"And you want nothing?"

"Nothing. Yes, perhaps, if you please, godmother, could you bring me just one more thing?"

"What sort of thing?"

"A little boy to play with."

The little old woman looked very sad. "Just the thing which I cannot give you. My child, I cannot change your lot in any way, but I can help you to bear it."

"Thank you. But why do you talk of bearing it? I have nothing to bear."

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"My poor little man!" said the old woman. And she took him in her arms and kissed him many times.

By and by the child kissed her and cried out, "Promise me that you will never, never go away."

"I must go," she replied, "but I will leave a present behind me; something as good as myself to amuse you. It will take you wherever you want to go."

"What is it?"

"A traveling-cloak."

The prince's face fell. "I am sure it is very kind of you, but I don't need a cloak, for I never go out. I can't walk, you know."

"The more reason why you should ride. Here is the cloak. Spread it out on the floor and wait until the edges turn up all round like a rim. Then go and open the skylight. Seat yourself in the middle of the cloak, like a frog on a water-lily leaf, and say, 'Abracadabra, dum dum dum!' When you want to come back again, say, 'Abracadabra, tum tum ti!' That's all. Good-by."

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THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE — II

And what of the traveling-cloak? Of what use was it to the prince?

When he had untied all the knots, the cloak began to unfold and then laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed. But the rim turned up all round. It had become large enough for one person to sit in it as if in a boat.

With one of his active leaps, the prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak. He wrapped his arms around his knees, for they shook a little, and his heart beat fast. There he sat, waiting for what might happen next.

The cloak rose slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then higher and higher until it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not cried out, "Oh, please don't hurt me!"

Then he remembered his godmother's command to open the skylight. He lifted his head

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and began searching for the bolt, while the cloak remained perfectly still. The minute the window was opened, out the cloak sailed — right out into the clear, fresh air.

"I wonder," he thought, "whether I could see better through a pair of glasses like those nurse reads with. I would take care of them, if I only had a pair." At once he felt something hard fixing itself to the bridge of his nose. It was a pair of the prettiest gold spectacles ever seen.

Looking downward, he found that he could see every blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower, even the insects that walked over them. Just to rest his eyes, he turned them up to the sky. A long, black, wavy line moved on in the distance as if it were alive. He looked at it through his spectacles. It proved to be a long string of birds flying one after the other.

"They must be the swallows flying seaward," cried the boy. "How I should like to look at them quite close and to know where they come from and whither they are going!"

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The cloak gave a sudden bound forward. At once Prince Dolor found himself in the very midst of that band of travelers.

"Oh, I wish I were going with you!" he cried. "I'm getting tired of this dull plain and the lonely tower. I do so want to see the world. Pretty swallows, dear swallows, tell me what it looks like, the beautiful, wonderful world!"

The boy looked after them with envy. He followed with his eyes the faint, wavy line as it floated away until it vanished out of sight.

Through his wonderful spectacles the prince could see everything, but it was a silent picture. He was too high up to hear anything except a faint murmur.

"I have as good as two pairs of eyes," he thought. "I wonder if my godmother would give me a second pair of ears."

Scarcely had he spoken when he found lying on his lap a little box all done up in silvery paper. It contained a pair of silver ears. They fitted exactly over his own. He hardly felt

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them, except for the difference they made in his hearing.

There are sounds that we listen to daily and never notice. Prince Dolor, who had lived all his days in the dead silence of Hopeless Tower, now heard them for the first time. And oh, if you had seen his face!

He listened, listened, as if he could never have done listening. And he looked and looked, as if he could not gaze enough.

"Godmother," he said after a while, "all these beautiful birds and animals I like, but how I wish I might see a boy like myself. Could n't you show me just one little boy?"

There was a sigh behind him. The cloak remained so long without moving that he was afraid his godmother was offended with him for asking too much.

Suddenly a shrill whistle startled him, even through his silver ears. Looking downward, he saw jump up from behind a bush, *something* — not a sheep nor a horse nor a cow, nothing upon four legs; this creature had only two, but

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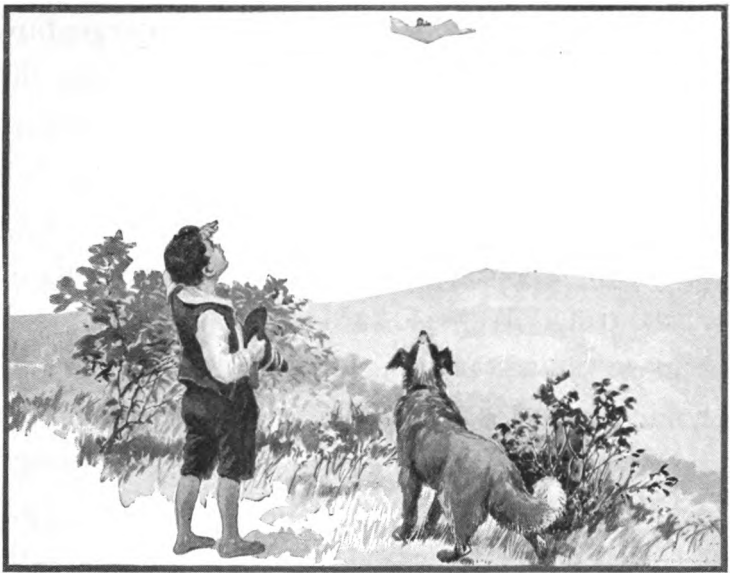

they were long, straight, and strong. It had an active body and a curly head of black hair. It was a boy, a shepherd boy, about the prince's own age, but, oh, so different!

"Dear godmother," he cried, "might he come and play with me? I would drop down to the ground to him or fetch him up to me here. How nice it would be if I had a little boy to play with!"

There were some things which his godmother either could not or would not give. The cloak did not move, but hung high in the air.

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The shepherd boy thought it was a large bird, and shading his eyes, looked up at it. His dog began to jump upon him, barking with delight.

"Down, Snap, down!" the prince heard him say. "Let's warm ourselves by a race." They started off together, the dog barking and the boy shouting. It was hard to tell which made the more noise or ran the faster.

Prince Dolor watched them for a while. Then the sweet, pale face grew paler, the lips began to quiver, and the eyes to fill.

"How good it must be to run like that!" he said softly. Never, no, never in this world would he be able to do the same. Now he understood what his godmother meant when she gave him his traveling-cloak. He knew why he had heard that sigh when he had asked to see "just one little boy."

"I think I had rather not look at him again," said the poor little prince. He drew himself into the center of his cloak and sat there with his arms wrapped round his feeble, useless legs. He placed himself so that he could see nothing but

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the sky. He took off his silver ears as well as his gold spectacles. What was the use of either, when he had no legs with which to walk or run?

Suddenly there rose from below a wonderful sound. It was the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground. At last it came close to Prince Dolor.

"Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!" cried he. "I should dearly like to take you in; that is, if I could — if I dared."

The little brown creature with its clear, heavenly voice almost made him afraid; but it also made him happy, and he watched and listened until he forgot everything in the world except the little lark.

He was wondering if it would soar out of sight, when it closed its wings as larks do when they mean to drop to the ground. But instead of dropping to the ground, it dropped right into the little boy's arms.

What a delight! To have something that nobody else had, something all his own! Prince Dolor forgot his grief and was entirely happy.

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But when he came in sight of the tower he thought: "My pretty bird, what am I to do with you? If I shut you up in my room — you, a wild skylark of the air — what will become of you? I am used to this, but you are not. Suppose my nurse should find you! She can't bear the sound of singing. I remember her once telling me that the nicest thing she ever ate in her life was lark pie!"

In another minute Prince Dolor had made up his mind: "No, my bird, nothing so dreadful shall happen to you if I can help it. Good-by, my merry, merry bird." Opening his hands, he let the lark go. Away it flew, far up into the blue sky.

Prince Dolor ate his supper and went quietly to bed. Suddenly he heard outside the window a faint, sweet carol. It was the dear little lark! it had not flown away after all. Whenever the prince listened for a moment he could hear it singing still.

He went to sleep as happy as a king.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

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GUESS

I see two lilies, white as snow,
That mother loves and kisses so;
Dearer they are than gold or lands;
Can you see the lilies? — Baby's hands!

I know a rosebud fairer far
Than any buds of summer are;
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south;
Do you know the rosebud? — Baby's mouth!

I know a place where shines the sun,
Yes, long, long after day is done;
Oh, how it loves to linger there!
Can you see the sunshine? — Baby's hair!

There are two windows where I see
My own glad face peep out at me;
These windows beam like June's own skies;
Can you guess the riddle? — Baby's eyes!

ANONYMOUS

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK — I

In the days of King Alfred there lived a poor woman who had an only child named Jack. She had let him have his own way so much that he never paid the least attention to anything she said, and so he grew up to be a lazy and careless lad.

Although Jack was not a bad boy, little by little he spent all the money his mother had, until at length there was nothing left but her tiny house and a cow.

One day, for the first time in her life, she scolded Jack for what he had done. "Cruel, cruel boy!" she said, "you have at last made beggars of us. I have not money enough to buy even a bit of bread. There is nothing left but my poor cow! I cannot bear to part with her, but we must sell her to get food to eat."

Seeing how badly his mother felt, Jack was sorry for what he had done, but soon he began to tease her to let him sell the cow at the next village. At length she gave her consent.

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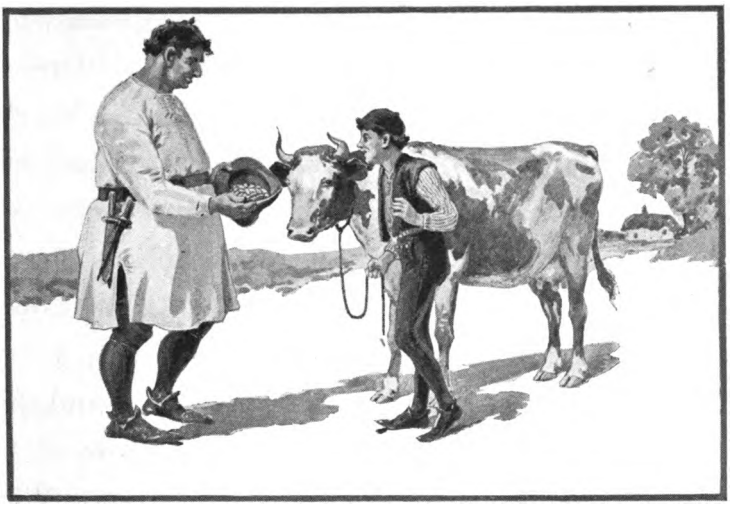

As Jack was going along he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell her.

The butcher held some strange-looking beans in his hat; they were of many colors and at once caught Jack's eye. The butcher saw that Jack wanted them and offered to give all the beans in his hat in exchange for the cow.

The silly boy could not hide the pleasure he felt at this offer. The bargain was soon made, and the cow was exchanged for a hatful of queer-looking beans.

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Jack ran home as fast as his legs would carry him. He called aloud to his mother before he reached the door.

When Jack's mother heard his story and saw what he had taken in exchange for the cow, she was so angry that she tossed the beans out of the window. Then she threw her apron over her head and cried bitterly.

Jack awoke early the next morning, and seeing that something darkened the window of his room, he ran downstairs into the garden. What was his surprise to find that the beans had taken root and had grown up like a huge tree! The stalks were of great size and had twined together until they formed a ladder which was so high that the top was lost in the clouds.

Jack was a bold lad, and he made up his mind to climb this strange ladder. He ran to tell his mother, but she ordered him not to go. She said it would break her heart if he did.

This did not change Jack's mind in the least, and waving good-by to his weeping mother, he started to climb the beanstalk.

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After climbing for many hours he at length reached the top. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country. It seemed to be a barren desert — not a tree, shrub, house, or living thing was to be seen.

Jack walked along hoping to find a place where he might get something to eat and drink, but instead he met a beautiful lady. She wore a dress wonderful to behold, and in her hand she carried a white wand, at the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

Jack, who was a brave fellow, went straight up to her. She greeted him with a smile and asked him how he came there. Then he told her all about the wonderful beans and how the beanstalk had grown overnight.

When Jack had finished his story the beautiful lady said, "Do you remember your father, my boy?"

"No, madam; but I am sure there was something strange in his story, for when I ask my mother about him she always begins to weep and will tell me nothing."

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"She does not dare to speak of it," replied the lady, "but I can and will. For know, my boy, that I am a fairy and was your father's friend. But fairies as well as men must obey the law, and it happened that I lost my power for a time, so that I was unable to help your father when he most needed it."

Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her to tell him more.

"I will; only you must promise to obey me in everything, or you will surely die."

Jack was eager to hear the story, and so he promised.

The fairy went on: "Your father, Jack, was a very kind man. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money; but he had one misfortune, a false friend. This was a giant whom he had helped, and who returned his kindness by murdering him and seizing all his money.

"This giant also told your mother that he would kill her unless she promised never to tell you anything about your father. Then he turned her

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away, with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world. I could not help her, as my power only came back to me on the day you went to sell your cow.

"It was I who made you take the beans, who made the beanstalk grow, and who made you wish to climb up to this strange country.

"Here lives the wicked giant who was your father's enemy. It is you who must kill him and rid the world of a monster who never will do anything but evil. I will guide and help you. You may take his house and all his riches, for everything he has belonged at one time to your father.

"Farewell, dear Jack! Do not let your mother learn that you know your father's story; this is my command, and if you disobey me, you will suffer for it. Now go."

Jack asked where he was to go.

"Along the straight road, until you see the house where the giant lives. You must then act as you think best. I will guide you, if you have trouble. Farewell!"

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Jack walked on until after sunset, when to his great joy he saw a large house. A plain-looking woman was at the door. He begged her to give him a piece of bread and a night's lodging.

The woman was surprised to see Jack and said that never before had a human being called at her house, for it was well known that her husband was a powerful giant, who liked to eat human flesh better than anything else.

In spite of the woman's story about the horrible giant, Jack again urged her to take him in for one night only and hide him wherever she thought best.

At last, much against her will, the giant's wife took Jack into the house. They passed through several immense rooms, and finally through a long hall, at the end of which was a huge iron grating.

From behind this, Jack heard the groans of the victims of the cruel giant.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear at the sound, and he would have given the world to have been with his mother again.

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The giant's wife told Jack to sit down and gave him plenty to eat and drink. He soon forgot his fear and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he heard at the outer door a loud knocking, which made the whole house shake.

"Ah! that's my husband, and if he sees you, he will kill us both," cried the poor woman, trembling all over. "What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, who was now as bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's murderer. So he crept into the oven, which was now empty and cold.

From his hiding place Jack listened to the giant's loud voice and heavy step as he went up and down the kitchen, scolding his wife.

At last he seated himself at the table, and Jack, peeping through a crack in the oven, was amazed to see what a quantity of food he ate. It seemed as if he never would finish, but at last he leaned back and called to his wife in a voice like thunder, "Bring me my hen!"

She obeyed and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

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"Lay!" roared the giant, and at the word the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

"Lay another!" and every time the giant spoke the hen laid an egg larger than the one before.

The giant amused himself for a long time with his hen and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside.

As soon as Jack heard the giant's snores, which were like the rumbling of thunder, he crept out of the oven, tucked the hen under one arm, and ran off with her.

He got safely out of the house, and running back the same road by which he had come, he soon reached the top of the beanstalk. This he climbed down in safety, with the hen still under his arm.

Jack's mother was overjoyed to see him. She had feared that he was dead.

"Not a bit of it, mother. Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Now lay!" and the hen obeyed him as quickly as she had the giant and laid as many golden eggs as he wished.

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When these eggs were sold Jack and his mother had plenty of money, and for nearly a year they lived very happily together.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK — II

At length Jack had a great longing to climb the beanstalk again and carry away more of the giant's riches. So one day he told his mother boldly that he must take another journey.

She begged him not to attempt it and tried every way she could think of to stop him. She told him that the giant's wife would be sure to know him again, and that the giant would kill him. But Jack bought a new coat and put something on his skin to color it. He felt sure that the woman would not know him.

A few mornings later he rose very early, and, unseen by any one, climbed the beanstalk a second time.

After reaching the top he rested a little while and then went on his way toward the giant's castle, which he reached late in the evening.

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The giant's wife was at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale and asked her to give him food and drink as well as a night's lodging.

The woman told him what he knew already very well — that her husband was a powerful and cruel giant. She also said that she had one night taken in a poor, hungry, friendless boy, who had stolen one of the giant's greatest treasures. Ever since then her husband had been even more cruel to her than before.

Jack felt sorry for her, yet he urged her again and again to let him in. This he found to be a very hard task indeed.

At last the giant's wife led the way into the castle, and Jack saw that everything was just as he had found it before. She took him into the kitchen, and after he had finished eating and drinking she hid him in an old lumber closet.

The giant returned at the usual time and walked so heavily that the great house shook under his tread. Seating himself by the fire, he began to sniff this way and that with his huge red nose.

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"Wife, I smell fresh meat!" he roared.

The wife replied that the crows had brought a piece of raw meat and had left it at the top of the house.

While his wife was getting supper the giant was very cross and blamed her for the loss of his wonderful hen.

At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me my harp or my moneybags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said the wife, humbly.

"My moneybags, because they are heavier to carry," he thundered.

She soon staggered in, bearing two huge bags filled with gold pieces.

She emptied them out on the table in a great yellow heap, and at once the giant began to count them.

"Now you may go to bed," he said. So the wife crept away.

Jack, from his hiding place, watched the counting of the money which he knew had belonged to his poor father.

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At last the giant dropped the gold pieces one by one into the bags, which he tied up very carefully and put beside his chair.

After a while he fell asleep as before and snored so loud that Jack thought it sounded like the roaring of the ocean.

Seeing that the giant was sound asleep, Jack stole out of his hiding place and crept toward the two bags of money. Just as he laid his hand upon one of them a little dog, which he had not seen before, started from under the giant's chair and began to bark.

Instead of trying to escape Jack stood still, though he expected his enemy to awake any instant; but the giant kept on snoring.

Seeing a piece of meat on the table, Jack threw it to the dog, who at once stopped barking. Then Jack went off with the bags, one on each shoulder, but they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to carry the gold down the beanstalk to his mother's cottage.

Jack's mother did not meet him at the door, and, full of fear, he went from room to room

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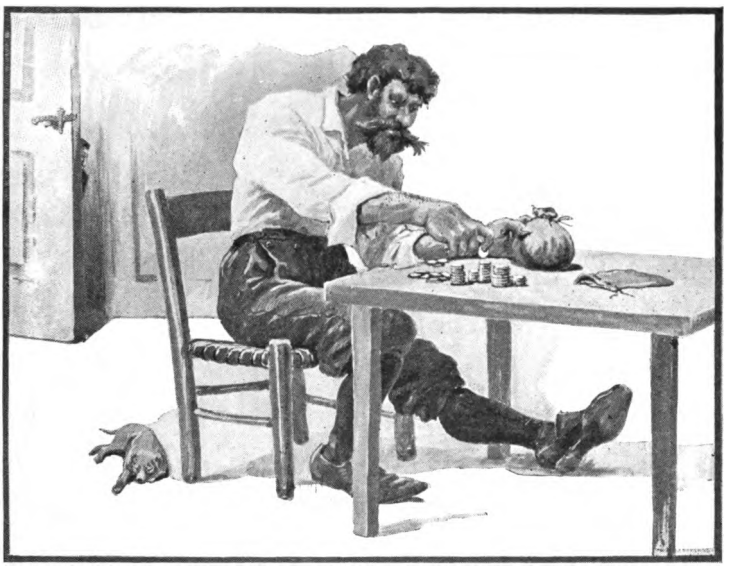

without being able to find any one. He then ran into the village, hoping to see somebody who could help him find his mother.

At last an old woman led him to a house where his mother lay ill with a fever. Jack blamed himself as the cause of all her trouble, but the sight of her dear son soon made the poor woman well again.

With the two bags of gold Jack built a beautiful house for his mother, and for a long time they lived happily together.

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK — III

For three years Jack talked no more of the beanstalk, yet he could not forget it. He wished to climb it again, but he knew that this would make his mother unhappy. At length he could stand it no longer, and so he began to make ready for his third trip up the beanstalk.

When summer came and the days were long Jack awoke one morning as soon as it was light. Then without telling his mother he began to climb the beanstalk. This time he wore a new and strange-looking coat, and he had colored his face so that he looked like an old man.

Jack found everything just as it had been before. He arrived at the giant's castle in the evening and found the wife standing at the door.

She did not remember Jack at all, but when he begged for something to eat and drink and a night's lodging he found it very hard indeed to coax her to let him in.

At last she took pity on him, and Jack was hidden in a huge copper kettle.

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When the giant returned he sniffed this way and that with his big nose and shouted, "I smell fresh meat!"

Suddenly he started up and looked in every corner of the room. Jack was filled with terror and wished himself at home a thousand times. When the giant came to the copper kettle Jack thought his death was sure, but the huge creature did not take the trouble to lift the lid.

The giant soon gave up his search, and sitting down by the fireside, began his enormous supper. He ate two sheep that had been roasted whole and drank nearly a barrelful of wine.

When he had finished he ordered his wife to fetch his harp. Jack peeped from under the copper lid and saw her carrying a harp. Having placed it on the table the giant said, "Play!" and it played the most beautiful music.

Jack, who liked music, was more pleased with this wonderful harp than with anything else.

The music and the wine he had drunk put the giant to sleep earlier than usual. As for the wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

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When Jack thought all was safe he jumped out of the copper kettle, and, eagerly seizing the harp, started off at top speed. But the harp was enchanted and called out as if it had been alive, "Master! master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack running away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Oh, it is you, is it, who have robbed me of my hen and my moneybags? And now you are stealing my harp also! I'll eat you alive!"

"Very well; try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw the giant had drunk so much wine that he could hardly stand.

After leading the giant a race he came to the top of the beanstalk and scrambled down as fast as he could. All this time the harp kept on playing, until Jack grew tired of hearing it and shouted, "Stop!" At once the music stopped.

When Jack reached the foot of the beanstalk he found his mother at her cottage door, weeping.

"Here, mother, don't cry; just give me a hatchet. Make haste!" he exclaimed. For he saw the giant beginning to climb down the beanstalk.

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The giant was too late — his evil deeds had come to an end. Jack with his hatchet cut off the beanstalk; the monster fell headlong into the garden and was killed on the spot.

The fairy came and told everything to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who would try to make her happy for the rest of her days.

So all ended well, and nothing was ever more heard or seen of the wonderful beanstalk.

English Folk Tale

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ROBINSON CRUSOE — I

The ship being fitted out, I went on board the first of September, 1659. Our ship carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself.

We had very good weather all the way along the coast. Then keeping farther off at sea, we had lost sight of land, when a violent storm came upon us. For twelve days we could do nothing but scud away before it. During this time I expected every day to be drowned, nor did any in the ship think they could save their lives.

The wind still blew very hard when one of our men early one morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look than the ship struck on a sand bar.

We had a boat on board, and thinking the ship would break in pieces, the master laid hold of the boat and with the help of the rest of the men flung her over the ship's side. Getting into her, we let her go and committed ourselves to God's mercy and the wild sea.

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After we had rowed — or rather driven — more than three miles, a wave, mountainlike, took us with such a fury that it overset the boat, and we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Though I swam very well, yet I could not do much till a huge wave carried me toward the shore and left me on dry land, half dead with the water I had taken in.

I began to look up and thank God that my life was saved. I never saw my comrades afterwards, nor any sign of them except three of their hats and one cap.

I walked away from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. I then went to a tall tree, and getting up into it, tried to place myself so that I might not fall. Here I soon fell fast asleep.

When I waked it was broad day; the weather was clear, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. What surprised me most was that the ship had been blown by the gale and lifted by the tide until she was now only about a mile and a half from the shore.

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By afternoon the tide had gone out so far that I could come nearer the ship. To get to her I pulled off the heaviest of my clothes and took to the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was to know how to get on board, for she lay aground, and high out of the water. I swam round her twice, and the second time I saw a piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first. With great difficulty I got hold of it and climbed on board. I first went to the bread room and helped myself to biscuit, which I ate as I went about, for I had no time to lose.

Now all I wanted was some sort of boat to get the many things I needed to the shore. It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I flung as many of these overboard as I was able, tying every one with a rope that they might not drift away. When this was done I tied four of them together at both ends in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank on them crossways, I found I could walk on it very well.

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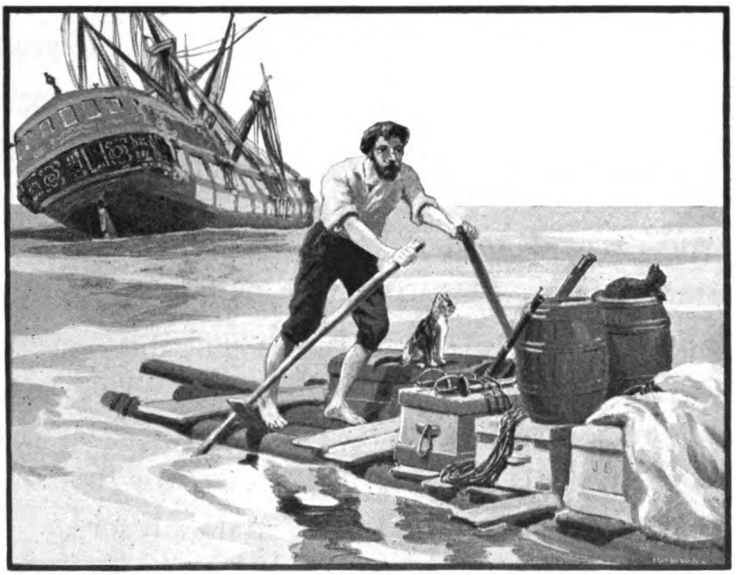

I next got up three of the sailor's chests, which I broke open and lowered down on my raft. These I filled with bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, and five pieces of dried goat's flesh.

After long searching I found the carpenter's chest, which was a very useful prize to me and much more valuable than a shipful of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft just as it was, without losing time to look into it.

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My next care was for some gunpowder and shot. There were two very good guns in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I took, with some powderhorns, a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. With much search I found three barrels of gunpowder. One of them had taken water, but the other two were dry and good, and I got them to my raft, with the guns.

My raft was now loaded, and having found some broken oars, I put to sea. The raft went very well, only that it drifted a little distance from the place where I had landed before.

Knowing there were still a great many things in the ship which would be useful to me, I again swam out to her, and climbing on board as before, I made a second raft.

In the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a grindstone, and a dozen or two of hatchets. All these and many other useful things I carried to my raft.

I also took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a sail, a hammock, and some bedding, and brought them safe to land.

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Having got my second cargo on shore, I went to work to make a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose. Into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun.

When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards, and spreading one of the beds on the ground and laying my two pistols just at my head and my gun by my side, I slept quietly all night, for I was very weary.

ROBINSON CRUSOE — II

Upon awaking the next morning, I thought how I should protect myself against savages or wild beasts, if any were in the island; whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent on the earth. I finally decided upon both. In search of a proper place I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill. The front of the hill toward this little plain was of rock as steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down on me from the top. On the side of the rock there

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was a hollow place, worn a little way in like the mouth of a cave; but there was not really any cave at all.

Before I pitched my tent I drew a half circle before the hollow place in the rock. In this half circle I set two rows of strong stakes. I drove them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand more than six inches from one another.

The entrance was not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top. When I went in I lifted the ladder over after me. I was thus completely fenced in, as I thought, from all the world and so slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done. After this I did not use the bed which I had brought on shore, but slept in a hammock which was indeed a very good one and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Inside this fence or fortress I carried all my stores. I also made a large tent to keep me from the rains, that in one part of the year are very

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violent. I made it double — one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it.

In the tent I stowed my food and everything that would spoil by the wet.

When I had done this I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing through my tent all the earth and stones that I dug out, I thus made a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to a house.

While I was doing this I went out at least once every day with my gun, to see if I could kill anything fit for food. The first time I went out I found there were goats in the island, but they were so shy and so swift of foot that it was the most difficult thing in the world to get close to them.

Among the many things I brought from the ship in the several voyages I made to it, were pens, ink, and paper and also three very good Bibles and several other books; all which I carefully saved.

I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both cats to land, and the dog jumped out of the ship himself

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and came to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo and was a trusty servant to me many years.

ROBINSON CRUSOE — III

On the fifteenth of July I began a careful survey of the island. I went up the creek first. After about two miles the tide did not flow any higher, and the stream was no more than a little brook. On its banks I found many pleasant meadows, smooth, and covered with grass.

The next day I went up the same way again, and after going somewhat farther I found that the brook ceased and the country became more woody than before. In this part I found melons on the ground and grapevines spreading over the trees, with the clusters of grapes just now in their prime, very ripe and rich. I also saw an abundance of cocoa trees, as well as orange and lemon and citron trees.

I resolved to lay up a store of grapes, limes, and lemons, to furnish myself for the wet season,

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which I knew was near. As there was no use in laying the grapes up in heaps, I gathered a large quantity and hung them on the outer branches of the trees, that they might dry in the sun. As for the limes and lemons, I carried back as many as I could.

The third of August I found the grapes I had hung up were perfectly dried and indeed were excellent raisins, so I began to take them down from the trees. It was fortunate that I did, for no sooner had I carried them home to my cave than it began to rain. It rained more or less, every day till the middle of October, so that I could not stir out of my cave for several days.

As I said before, I had a great mind to see the whole of my island. I now resolved, therefore, to travel quite to the opposite seashore; so taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, with two biscuit-cakes and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch, I began my journey.

When I had passed the valley I came within view of the sea to the west, and it being a clear day, I saw distant land. It lay very high,

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extending from the west to the southwest. By my guess, it could not be less than fifteen miles off.

I found this side of the island much pleasanter than mine, for it was made up of fine woods and open fields with flowers and grass. I saw many parrots and after some painstaking knocked one down with a stick and brought it home. It was some years before I could make it speak, but at last I taught it to call me by my name.

In this journey, too, my dog surprised a young kid and seized upon it, whereupon I ran up and saved it alive. I made a collar for this little creature and led it along with a string of rope yarn which I always carried about with me.

I cannot tell how glad I was to return to my old hutch and lie down in my hammock bed. I stayed here a week, to rest after my long journey. During this week most of the time was taken up in making a cage for my Poll, who began now to be well acquainted with me.

My kid also soon became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it was from this time one of my pets and would never leave me afterwards.

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I now made three traps to catch if possible some more of the goats that were on the island, and after a time I succeeded in getting three kids and an old one.

In about a year and a half I had a flock of twelve goats, kids and all, and in two years more I had three and forty. After that I enclosed five pieces of ground to keep them in, in order that I might take them as I wanted them.

Now I had not only goat's flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too — a thing which in the beginning I did not so much as think of. I had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day, and after a great many trials I made both butter and cheese and never lacked them afterwards.

It would have made one smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me; my dog, now grown very old, was always at my right hand; and the two cats sat one on one side of the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand.

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Had any one met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him or raised a deal of laughter. I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of goatskin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to prevent the rain from running into my neck.

I had a short jacket of goatskin; while the breeches were made of the skin of an old goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side that it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of things to cover my feet. They flapped over my legs and laced on either side like shoes, but were of the queerest shape.

I had a broad belt of goatskin, in which, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly, goatskin umbrella. This umbrella was a most useful thing to me, as well for the heat as for the rains.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE—IV

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised at seeing the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. I stood like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went to rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore, but I could see no other footprint except that one. I went to it again to see if it might not

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be my fancy, but there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came there I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine.

Some time after, while wandering toward the west point of the island, I thought I saw a boat at a great distance. I had found a spyglass in one of the sailor's chests, but unfortunately had it not about me. Though I looked till my eyes were not able to look any longer, whether it was a boat or not I do not know.

When I had come down the hill to the end of the island where, indeed, I had never been before, I learned that the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I had thought; for I was amazed at seeing the shore spread with skulls and other bones of human bodies. It was indeed fortunate that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came.

I also observed a place where there had been a fire made and a circle dug in the earth; here the savage wretches had sat down to their

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inhuman feastings. I could think of nothing but how I might destroy some of these monsters, and even went so far as to find proper places to put myself so as to watch for them.

At length I found a place on the side of a hill where I might sit and observe all their doings. The two muskets I loaded with a brace of slugs each and four or five smaller bullets, and the fowling piece I loaded with nearly a handful of swan shot. I also loaded my pistols with about four bullets each.

Not long after this I was surprised by seeing no less than five canoes on shore together, on my side the island; but no savages were in sight. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and clambered up to the top of the hill. Here I observed by the help of my spyglass that the savages were no less than thirty in number, and that they had made a fire and were all dancing round it.

While I was thus looking on I saw two poor people dragged from the boats, where, it seems,

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they had been tied. One of them was knocked down with a club, or wooden sword; and two or three savages were promptly at work preparing him for their feast. The other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. At that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty and unbound, darted away. He ran with great swiftness along the sands, directly toward that part of the coast where my house was.

I kept my station and found that only two men followed him. I was still more encouraged when I found that he gained ground. There was, between him and my castle, the creek where I had landed my goods out of the ship. This creek he must swim, or be captured. The savage, however, made nothing of it, but plunging in, swam through, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness.

I ran down the ladder with all possible speed, took my two guns, and getting up again to the top of the hill, crossed toward the sea.

Having a very short cut and all down hill, I ran, hallooing aloud to him that fled. At first

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he was as much frightened at me as at them, but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back. In the meantime I slowly advanced toward the two that followed. Then rushing upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun.

I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance, being out of sight, they would not have known what to make of it. The other savage stopped, but as I came nearer I perceived he had a bow and arrow and was fitting the arrow to shoot at me. So I was obliged to fire at him, and I killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, was yet so surprised with the fire and noise of my gun that he stood stock-still. I hallooed again to him and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood and advanced a little way, then stopped, and then came a little farther and stopped again.

I smiled at him and looked pleasantly, and at length he came close to me. Then he kneeled

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down, laid his head on the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot on his head. This, it seems, was to show that he would be my slave forever.

Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury his enemies with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed, and I made signs to him to do so. He fell to work and soon had scraped a hole with his hands, big enough to bury them both. He then dragged the savages into it and covered them with sand. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. We then went to my cave, on the farther part of the island.

Here I gave my savage bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a drink of water. I then made signs for him to lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had some rice straw with a blanket upon it. So the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a handsome fellow, well made, with straight, strong limbs; not too large, tall, and about twenty-six years of age.

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After he had slumbered about half an hour he awoke and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot and let him see me drink it before him and sop my bread in it. I then gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly did and made signs that it was very good.

I began at once to speak to him and teach him to speak to me. First I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life; then I taught him to say "Master" and let

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him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no" and to understand the meaning of them.

I now beckoned Friday to come with me and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad. I gave him a pair of linen trousers, which fitted him very well; then I made him a coat of goatskin, as well as my skill would allow; and last I gave him a cap, which I made of hare's skin.

After I had been two or three days at my house I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went intending to kill a kid out of my flock and bring it home and dress it, but as I was going I saw a goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids by her. I caught hold of Friday and made signs to him not to stir. Then I shot and killed one of the kids. Poor Friday, who did not know how it was done, trembled and shook and looked so amazed that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the kid I shot at or know that I had killed it, but ripped up his coat to feel whether he himself was wounded.

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I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm; and taking him by the hand, laughed at him, and pointing to the kid which I had killed, beckoned him to run and fetch it, which he did.

I brought home the kid, and the same evening I took the skin off and stewed a part of the flesh and made some broth. I gave some to my man, who seemed very glad of it and liked it very well.

What seemed strangest to Friday was to see me eat salt with the meat. He made a sign to me

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that the salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his mouth, he would spit and sputter at it, washing his mouth with fresh water after it. On the other hand, I took some meat into my mouth without salt, and I pretended to spit and sputter for want of salt as fast as he had done at the salt; but he would never care for salt with his meat or in his broth.

Later I set him to work beating some corn out and sifting it. He soon understood how to do this as well as I, especially after he knew that it was to make bread of. I let him see me make my bread and bake it too, and in a little time Friday was able to do all this for me as well as I could do it myself.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led on the island. Friday began to understand the names of everything. Besides the pleasure of talking with him I had a liking for the fellow himself. His simple honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature.

DANIEL DEFOE

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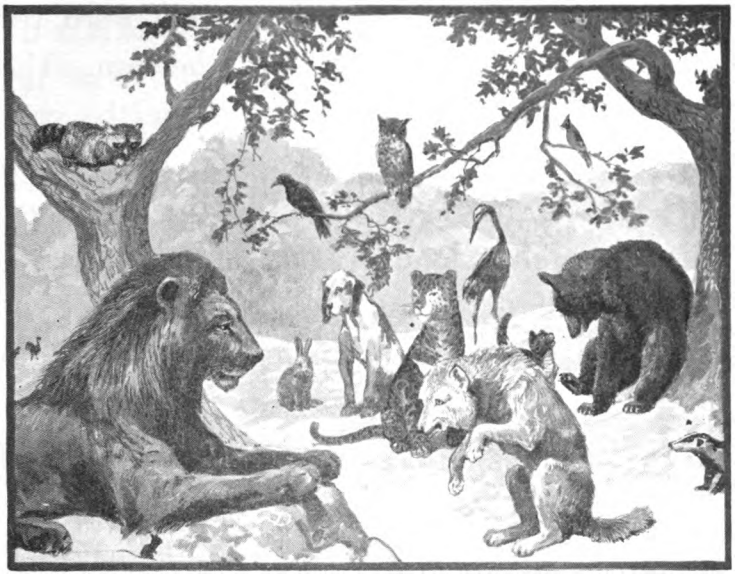

REYNARD THE FOX

It was summer time. All the trees of the forest were clothed in the brightest green, and the birds were singing their sweetest songs, when the lion gave a great feast at his palace at Sanden.

The noble lion sent word to all the beasts to come to his party without delay and said that any one who refused should no longer be considered as his friend.

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You may be sure that the beasts were very glad to accept the invitation of the lion. They all came, dressed in their best; even the crane and the woodpecker and the blue jay and the crow and the owl were there, for the birds were invited as well as the beasts.

Only Reynard the fox was absent, and at once some of the beasts began to complain to the king about him. Isegrim the wolf grumbled long and loud, and finally, kneeling before the king, he spoke as follows:

"O noble king, take pity upon me and my wife and my little ones, for Reynard the fox has done us all a great injury. He has broken into my house, and besides stealing what he could lay his hands upon, he threw dust into the eyes of my dear children, so that they were made almost blind. For these evil deeds, O king, I ask that Reynard the fox shall be punished and that justice shall be done."

No sooner had the wolf stopped speaking than up jumped Curtis the hound, who, complaining against Reynard, said, "Know, O king, that in

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the midst of winter, when food was very scarce and hard to find, this same wicked Reynard broke into my house and stole a large pudding, the only one that was left, so that I nearly died from hunger."

But at this point Tibert the cat broke in, saying: "I have no love for Reynard the fox, O king, but you should know that Curtis the hound speaks falsely when he claims that the stolen pudding was his. The pudding was mine, for I took it one moonlight night from the miller while he lay asleep in his mill."

Here the leopard spoke up and said: "I care nothing about the pudding, but all the beasts know that the deeds of Reynard are evil. He is a thief and does not respect in the least the king's law that we shall live at peace with one another.

"It was only this morning, as I came along, that I saw Reynard holding Kayward the hare between his teeth, and if I had not been there, Reynard would have killed him. Kayward told me that Reynard had promised to teach him to

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sing, but when he came near to receive the lesson the wicked fox sprang at him and would have eaten him had I not been there. O king, the evil deeds of Reynard call loudly for punishment."

"What you have said, leopard, is all true," growled Isegrim the wolf.

Now Gray the badger, who was a nephew of Reynard, came before the throne and spoke thus to the lion:

"O king, why does Isegrim wait until Reynard is absent before he brings these evil charges against him?" Then turning to the wolf, the badger said: "Have you forgotten, Isegrim, how you cheated Reynard out of his share of the fish and left him nothing but the bones? Also that piece of bacon, the taste of which was so good that you ate it all up, though Reynard had got it at the risk of his life?

"As for Kayward the hare, with his complaint, if Reynard, out of the goodness of his heart, offered to be the schoolmaster and to teach him to sing, why was it not right and just for Reynard

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to punish the hare when he refused to learn his lesson?

"As for you, hound, certainly Tibert speaks truly when he says that you have nothing of which to complain, since the pudding Reynard took was not yours but had been stolen by you from the cat. Reynard was only doing an act of justice when he took the pudding away from you.

"The truth is, that my uncle is an honest man and cannot endure lying and stealing. Indeed, since our king has ordered all the animals to live in peace Reynard has hurt nobody. He eats but once a day, and has not touched any meat for more than a year. These enemies of his have told nothing about him but a pack of wicked lies."

While Gray the badger was speaking, a long line of hens, led by Chanticleer the cock, was seen to approach.

At the head of the line was borne the body of a dead hen. This was Copple, the fairest of Chanticleer's flock. On either side of the coffin

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walked Crackle and Scratchle, sisters of poor, dead Copple. Each bore a burning candle, while behind them marched a long line of sons and daughters, cousins and aunts, all weeping over the death of the fair Copple.

The proud cock, Chanticleer, now came toward the noble lion and, kneeling down, spoke in this manner:

"My lord the king, behold my family who stand here weeping. I pray you grant justice for the injuries which the wicked Reynard has done to me and my flock.

"It was in the spring time, and I was proud of the eight sons and seven fair daughters which my dear wife Copple had hatched. They were all strong and good to look upon. Our home was well guarded by a high fence and a strong shed where we slept at night.

"Besides, there were six stout dogs to protect us, so that neither I nor my children feared any evil, though Reynard, the false traitor, many times tried to break into our house. But each time the six savage dogs drove him away.

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"Once, indeed, they fell upon Reynard and bit him, and although the wicked fox escaped, yet we were well rid of him for a long time.

"At length Reynard appeared to me, dressed like a holy man. He said that he had given up all his wicked ways and now lived only to do good to others.

"He showed me a letter, in which I read that your highness had made peace throughout your kingdom and that the beasts and birds were no longer to injure one another.

"Then Reynard with his meek and lowly air said to me, 'Sir Chanticleer, you need nevermore be afraid of me, for I have vowed not to eat flesh for the rest of my life.' Having said this, Reynard walked quietly away and pretended to go to the wood. But as soon as I had turned he came sneaking back and hid behind the hedge.

"I went to my dear wife and children and told them what Reynard had said; then gayly I led my little flock through the gate. But alas! that sly monster jumped from his hiding place,

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and seizing one of my finest children, he threw him over his back and sped swiftly away to the wood.

"Now that he has once tasted the sweetness of our flesh, no dogs nor fences nor houses can protect us from the sly Reynard. Night and day he watches for us, and he has captured eleven of my fifteen dear children.

"This morning, alas, he even seized my dear wife Copple, bit off her head, and was bearing her away when he was overtaken by the dogs and forced to drop his burden.

"This is my story, O king, and I beg your Highness to take pity upon me for the loss of my wife and my fair children."

The king was angry when he heard the cock's story, and turning to Gray the badger, he said:

"Sir Badger, what have you to say now for your dear Uncle Reynard? He has not eaten meat for a year indeed! It is plain that he has disobeyed my commands and is a thief as well.

"As for you, Chanticleer, you shall have justice, and your wife shall be given a royal funeral.

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Afterwards I will hold a council with my lords to see what shall be done with her murderer."

When the body of the fair Copple had been buried, the king sent for his lords and wisest men to see how this foul murder of Reynard's should be punished.

They all agreed that Reynard should be sent for to appear before the king, in order that he might answer these charges if he could.

It was also decided that Bruin the bear should take this message to Reynard and see that the wicked fox obeyed the king's command.

Before Bruin departed, the king thus addressed him, "Sir Bruin, we have great trust in your wisdom, but remember that you are dealing with the cunning Reynard and beware what dangers he may lead you into through his crafty tricks and snares."

"My lord," replied Sir Bruin, "I will attend to this clever fox. He will have hard work to get the better of me." And away Bruin trotted, laughing heartily at the very thought that Reynard could do any injury to him.

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For many miles he traveled through the dark forest until he came to Malepardus, the great and ancient castle of Reynard and of Reynard's father.

Bruin found the gates close shut, and after knocking and waiting awhile, he cried out:

"Sir Reynard, are you at home? I am Bruin, your uncle, whom the king has sent with the message that you shall come at once to his court to answer for your evil deeds. Should you fail to obey, your life and your goods and your castle shall be taken away from you."

Now Reynard was lying just within the door and heard all that the bear had said, but before answering he crept far within the many rooms of his castle and planned a way to get the better of Bruin and thus be rid of going before the king.

At last he threw the outer door wide open and exclaimed:

"Dear uncle, you are welcome to my castle. I did not hear you until just now, for I was in a distant room of the palace. But why should King Lion send the noble Bruin on such a mean

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service? I was planning to go to the feast to-morrow. You have therefore had your trouble and your journey for nothing.

"I am glad for one reason that you have come, for perhaps out of your great wisdom you can advise me how to cure my aches and pains. Since I have left off eating meat I have suffered much pain in my body."

"Alas, dear nephew," said the bear, "what kind of food is it that makes you so ill?"

"My dear Bruin," answered Reynard, "the food was poor and mean, but since I have left off eating meat I must eat such things as I can get. Know then that the food which caused my trouble was honeycombs, — great, full, sweet honeycombs, — which, compelled by hunger, I ate too much of; and now my body is full of aches and pains."

"What!" shouted Bruin, "honeycombs? Do you mean to say, dear nephew, that you are sick from eating honeycombs? Why, honey is food for the greatest emperor in the world. Fair nephew, if you can but help me to some of this honey, I shall be your friend for life."

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"Surely, uncle," said the fox, "you are making fun of me."

"Making fun of you!" replied Bruin, "I was never more in earnest. Lead me to this honey of yours, and I shall be your faithful servant forever."

"If you are really in earnest," said the fox, "I will show you more honey than you can devour in ten days' time."

"That is not possible," said the bear; "for if the honeycomb stretched from here to the king's castle, I would agree to eat it all in ten days."

"Know then, uncle," said the fox, "that near by there lives a carpenter, named Lanfert, who has stored away in a secret place as much honey as you could eat in seven years. For the sake of your friendship, I will tell you how all this golden sweetness may become your own."

Bruin, mad with the thought of the honey, swore that if he could have but one good meal, he would not only be the fox's friend forever but would stop the mouths of all his enemies.

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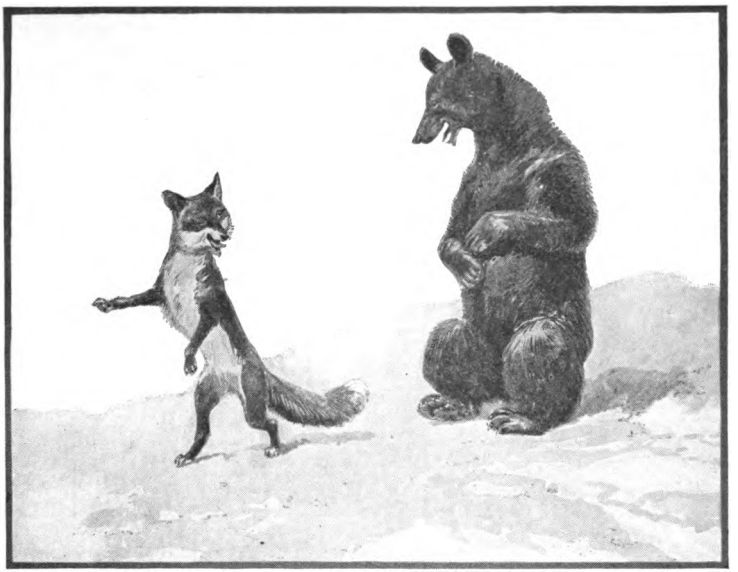

Reynard, smiling because Bruin believed his story, said, "If you should wish as much as a ton's weight of this honey, uncle, I would promise to get it for you."

The thought of the great feast which Reynard had promised him so pleased the bear that he burst out laughing. In fact, he laughed so loud and so long that he could hardly stand.

"Well," thought Reynard, "you may well laugh now, for I shall lead you later where others will laugh at you."

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But he said, "Uncle, we must not delay; I will now show you that which I would show no other of my friends."

The bear thanked him again and again, and away they both went toward the home of the carpenter. As soon as they came in sight of Lanfert's house the bear made such haste that Reynard could scarcely keep up with him.

Now it happened that Lanfert was a stout old carpenter, who had the day before brought into his yard a huge oak log. This he had tried to split in two by driving in great wedges.

As Reynard and Bruin came to the log, the fox pointed to the opening which the wedges had made and cried:

"Behold now, uncle, the place wherein the honey lies. In this great oak log there are barrels of honey. See if you can reach it with your tongue; but do not eat too much, as honeycombs, though sweet and good, are apt to make one sick in the end."

"Do not worry, dear nephew," said the bear; "I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

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"As you please, my dear uncle," replied the fox. "Pray eat as much of the honey as you wish."

At once the greedy bear not only thrust his head into the cleft of the tree but his two paws as well.

Seeing Bruin well within the trap, Reynard jumped for the wedges which held the log apart. Seizing a hammer, he knocked them out so quickly that before the bear knew what had happened his head and paws were fast within the wooden trap.

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As soon as Bruin felt the trap close upon him he began to rave against the fox. But Reynard only laughed and jeered at him, saying: "Is the honey good, dear uncle? How do you like it? Do not eat too much, I beg of you. Do not become so sick that you will not be able to journey back to the lion's court. When Lanfert comes, if you have eaten enough honey, he will give you a drink to wash it down."

In the meantime Bruin began to growl with rage, and rolling the huge log around, he made such a horrible din that the carpenter, surprised at the sound, came tumbling out of his house to learn what was the matter.

As soon as Lanfert saw the bear held by the tree he ran to his neighbors, calling upon them all to hasten to his yard, where he had caught a bear fast by the neck.

The news spread so quickly that soon there was not a man, woman, or child left in the town. They had all come to Lanfert's house, carrying clubs and sticks and brooms and pitchforks and anything which they could lay hands

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upon. Striking with all their might, they began to rain blows upon the back of poor Bruin.

The noise of this army and the pain of the blows made Bruin so afraid that he wrestled and tore at the log. Finally, with a mighty effort, he shook himself free. But alas, he left behind half the skin from his face and both of his ears, while the hair from his paws was missing also.

Poor Bruin, blinded by the blood and in an agony of pain, rushed headlong for the river. In his flight he knocked over good Dame Julock, wife of the clergyman, at which the clergyman shouted: "Help, O help! Dame Julock is in the water! help! help! Whoever saves her shall have ten pieces of gold." At this shout every one left the poor old bear, to help Dame Julock out of the river.

Bruin, now seeing his chance, swam across the river as fast as he could, crying out against Reynard the fox, who not only had fooled him but had made him lose the skin from his face and the gloves from his fingers.

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After swimming three weary miles Bruin drew himself up on the shore, and there he lay mourning bitterly over his cruel fate.

While these things were happening to Bruin, Reynard, on his way home, stole a fat hen. Throwing her over his back he ran along toward the river, rejoicing at the fate of the bear, for he thought of course the carpenter would kill Bruin and he would then be rid of one of his foes.

As he was thinking thus and smiling to himself, he glanced toward the river and saw Bruin stretched out upon the bank. Coming nearer, the fox cried in mock politeness, "Good afternoon, dear uncle."

"Some day you shall pay for what you have done," growled the bear.

But the fox only laughed and said: "Kind uncle, did you forget to pay the carpenter for the honeycombs you stole? If you have not, I will pay him for them myself. What a strange red cap you have on, dear uncle! And why have you cut off your ears? Your gloves seem to be gone, too. What has happened to you, dear uncle?"

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Bruin was mad with rage, but because he could not move without pain, he was forced to let the fox talk on.

When the fox had gone, the bear tried to think how he could get to the castle and tell his story to the king. His paws were so sore that he could not walk. Finally he hit upon the plan of rolling himself into a ball; and by tumbling over and over, he at length reached the court of King Lion.

The beasts at first did not know what to make of this strange, shaggy animal that came rolling among them, and thought that it was some giant or goblin, but the king knew him at once and said: "Why, it is Sir Bruin, whom we sent after Reynard. Who has injured our servant in this terrible way?"

"O my lord king," cried out the bear, "behold how Reynard has treated me, your faithful messenger!"

"You shall be revenged," roared the king. "Reynard shall be brought before us, and he shall be made to tremble at his evil deeds."

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The king called together all his wise men to see what was best to be done. It was finally agreed that another messenger should be sent to order the fox to appear before them. Tibert the cat was chosen to bear this message, because of his carefulness and wisdom.

When the king called Sir Tibert to come to him and told him that he was to carry the king's message to Reynard, Tibert did not like the idea and spoke as follows:

"O king, send some one else of greater strength. I am small and feeble; besides, if noble Sir Bruin, who is so strong and mighty, could not force the fox to come, what can I do against him?"

The lion replied, "It is your wisdom, Sir Tibert, and not your strength that we ask you to use."

"Well," said the cat, "since you order it, I must obey."

Having made ready for his journey, Tibert passed through the deep, dark wood until he came to the gates of Reynard's castle. At the first knock the door was opened, and Reynard politely asked the cat to step within.

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"I trust I find you well, cousin Reynard," said the cat, "for I bear a message from the king, ordering you to his court to answer many charges that have been made against you. If you refuse, I fear you will meet with a cruel and sudden death."

The fox answered: "Gladly will I obey your command, cousin Tibert, but allow me to wait until to-morrow before making the journey to the king. I shall be happy to offer you such food as I have, and after your long walk a night's rest will do you good. Sir Bruin came with such cruel and angry words that I dared not trust myself with him; but with you, my dear cousin, I will go with pleasure."

Tibert replied: "You speak like a noble gentleman, but it seems to me that we had better return to-night, for the moon shines as bright as day. We can easily reach the castle of the king before midnight."

"Not so, dear cousin," said the fox; "let us wait until to-morrow, when all things have been made ready for my going."

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"Well," said the cat, "if it be your pleasure, I will stay. But what shall we have to eat?"

"Truly, my store is small," replied the fox; "the best I have is a honeycomb, pleasant and sweet. What do you think of that?"

To which Tibert replied: "It is food that I never eat. I would rather have one mouse than all the honey in the world."

"A mouse!" exclaimed Reynard, "why, my dear cousin, there lives near here a man who has a barn so full of mice that a pair of horses could not draw them."

"Oh, dear cousin Reynard," cried the cat, "do lead me to this barn, and if what you say is true, I will be your servant forever."

"Why," said the fox, "do you like mice so well as all that?"

"More than tongue can tell," replied the cat. "A mouse, indeed, is to my mind the finest food that can be eaten. Lead me to this barn, and I will be your friend for life. Even if you had killed my father, my mother, and all my relatives, I would surely forgive you."

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"You are joking," said Reynard.

"No, indeed," replied the cat.

"Well, then," said the fox, "if you are in earnest, I will give you more mice than you can eat in a lifetime."

"It is not possible," said the cat.

"Follow me," replied the fox; "I will take you at once to the place."

So away they went and soon came to a barn which was fenced about with a high wall. At one place there was an opening, through which the fox had crept the night before and stolen one of the farmer's finest hens. It had made the farmer so angry that he had set a snare just within the hole, in order to catch Reynard on his next visit.

This the fox knew well, but he said to the cat: "Sir Tibert, here is the doorway; creep in, and believe me, you shall in a moment's time have more mice than you will be able to devour. Hark! hear them running and squeaking. I will wait for you here, but, dear cousin, do not stay in too long."

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"Do you think I may safely enter this hole?" asked the cat. "These farmers are wise and sometimes set traps."

"Why, cousin Tibert," said the fox, "I never knew you to be a coward before. Of what are you afraid?"

The cat, ashamed to be called a coward, sprang through the hole and was at once caught hard and fast in the farmer's snare. Tibert struggled and struggled, but he could not get out. He began to scream and cry with pain.

Reynard stood before the hole and laughed long and loud at Tibert's struggling. "Do you like mice, cousin Tibert?" said he. "I hope for your sake they are nice and fat. I only wish that your friend Isegrim the wolf were here to keep you company."

In the meantime the farmer had been awakened by the noise and cried out, "Reynard is caught, Reynard is caught!"

This woke up the whole family, who came running to the barn in order to see the fox get his just punishment.

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The farmer arrived first, armed with a long cane. Seeing Tibert in the snare and thinking it was the fox, he rained blow after blow upon the back of the poor cat.

At length Tibert felt that he could live but a short time. With one great struggle he leaped upon the farmer and scratched him and bit him, until the poor man fell down crying with pain.

The wife and children now left the cat, in order to look after the farmer; and Tibert, seeing his chance, began to gnaw and bite at the snare which bound him, until the cord was cut in two. Then, jumping out of the hole, he went crying and limping back to the king's court.

He was the most pitiful object that ever was seen. By Reynard's trick his body had been banged and bruised, his bones shattered and broken, and his skin rent and torn.

When the king beheld Tibert in such a sad plight he grew very, very angry and once more called his wise men together to see how he should bring the fox to justice. At length it was decided to send Gray the badger after

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Reynard. The fox was to be ordered to come before the king or suffer death.

Then Gray the badger bowed before the king and said: "Your Majesty's orders shall be obeyed. I am not afraid to carry your message to my uncle Reynard, if your Highness commands it."

"Then," said the king, "go, Sir Gray, for I command you; but beware, for Reynard is crafty and cunning."

The badger thanked the king for his warning and, taking his leave, went to the fox's castle, Malepardus, where he found Reynard and Ermeline, his wife, at play with their young children.

Having bowed low to his uncle and his aunt, Gray said: "I fear, dear uncle, for your life. The complaints against you are many, and remember this is the third time you have been ordered to come.

"If you delay even one day your castle will be torn down, and you yourself will be hanged. I beseech you, dear uncle, come to the king's court, where your clever tongue, I am sure, will get you out of trouble as it has many times before."

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Reynard answered: "Nephew, you speak truly, and to-morrow I will go with you to court. I will face my enemies and answer for myself."

At the leave-taking, Ermeline wept bitter tears, and her children howled for their dear father, but Reynard and Gray kept on their way toward the king's castle.

"Gray," said Reynard, "I am very sorry for the evil deeds that I have done. I will confess all of them to you if you are willing to hear me."

"If I can be of any help to you," said Gray, "I am willing."

"Know then that I have done many evil things against all the beasts that live, but especially against my uncle, Bruin the bear, and against Tibert the cat. I have killed poor Chanticleer's children and have eaten many of them. I have even talked against the king and his good queen. I have made fun of Isegrim the wolf and have called him uncle, though none of his blood runs in my veins. Once I took him to a priest's house to steal some bacon. To get in, Isegrim had to squeeze through a small hole. When he had

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eaten all he could he tried to get out again, but he was so full of the bacon that he stuck fast. Here the priest found him and nearly beat him to death.

"Another time when we were out together I told Isegrim that I knew of a place where there were seven hens and a cock, roosting in a barn. I showed him how he could creep in at the door and easily find the fowls.

"Isegrim went laughing through the door, but seeing nothing, he cried, 'Reynard, you are fooling me; there are no hens here.'

"Then I replied: 'Uncle, they are farther in. If you want them, you must run some risk. Those roosting near the door I myself have taken long since.'

"At this the wolf crept in a little farther, when I gave him a push so that he fell over into a deep cellar. When Isegrim found that he could not jump out, he began to howl with anger at the trick I had played upon him. Hearing him, the farmer went down and gave him a good beating before he was able to escape.

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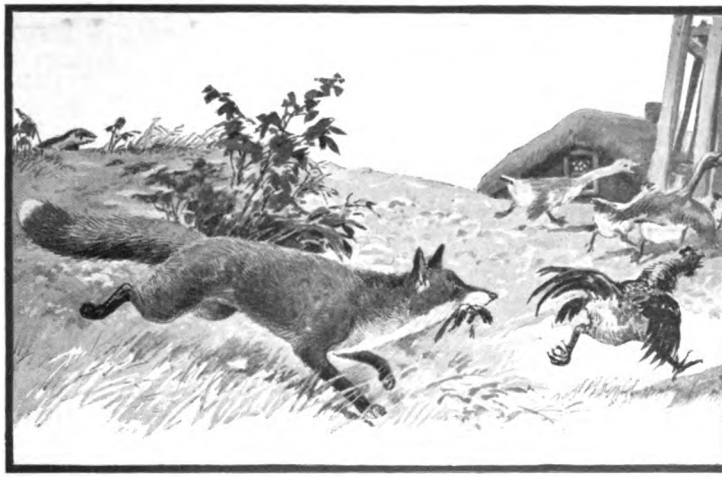

"Now I am weary of my sins, and I promise to change my ways and to do no more evil deeds."

Hardly had the fox finished speaking when they came near a house where there were many geese and hens and chickens beside the road. Reynard kept edging closer and closer toward them, until at length he made a dive for a fat rooster which was a little nearer than the rest; but the rooster got away, although he lost some of his tail feathers.

"Come, come, uncle," cried Gray, "I thought that you had promised to be good and to do no more evil. Is this the way you keep your word?"

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"I beg your pardon, my dear nephew; I forgot myself, but I ask you to forgive me," replied Reynard.

As they turned to go over a little bridge, the fox still kept his eye upon the cackling chickens, which made his nephew say, "Fie, fie, dear uncle, remember your promise."

When at length they drew near the king's castle, Reynard thought of all the wicked things he had done and began to fear for his life. But he put on a brave face and walked among his enemies as boldly as if he had never done an evil thing.

When he came before the throne of the king he said: "Heaven grant your Majesty glory and honor. Your Highness, there was never a king who had a truer servant than I have been to you; yet I know, O king, there are many in this court who seek my downfall."

The king cut Reynard short and said: "Stop your talking, traitor. I know what lies you can tell. You need not think that by soft words you can make me believe that black is white."

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Chanticleer now broke in, saying, "O wicked Reynard, how you have disobeyed the king's orders!"

"Be quiet!" said the king, turning to the cock.

Then he said: "Reynard, you have injured many of my best friends. They are crying loudly to me for justice. What have you to say for yourself?"

Reynard began as follows:

"My dear lord, if Bruin, when sent as a messenger to me, sees fit to go out of his way in order to steal the honeycombs from the carpenter and is punished for his evil-doing, how am I to blame? As for Tibert, whom I received with all friendship, if he insisted, against my advice, upon stealing mice in the farmer's barn, how is it my fault, and why should I be blamed? Yet, if in your great wisdom, O king, you think I deserve to die, I am willing; although I know that my death can give you little pleasure."

Then all the animals that Reynard had injured cried out against him and said, "Let him be put to death, O king!"

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But the king decided that Reynard should have a fair trial.

Each beast and bird whom Reynard had injured told his story.

When at length Reynard was allowed to answer them, he spoke so cunningly that he always managed to lay the blame upon some one else. But in the end Reynard was judged to be guilty and ordered to be hanged.

Do you think Reynard was hanged? Oh no! he was far too cunning for that. Just how he made the king think that he was his best friend and how Reynard brought his enemies into disgrace is another long story.

German Folk Tale

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bend	swim	splash	napkin
lamp	brim	crash	milky
hunt	stop	sprang	planning
silk	shut	string	bonnet
gift	prop	spunk	blanket
melt	drab	French	profit
self	frog	frock	rabbit
rash	twig	bunch	goblin
lend	sled	twist	dis miss′
fish	chip	quench	intent
pick	thick	shrink	until
bank	thud	scratch	unless
such	this	quest	disgust
match	then	shrub	unlock
lock	than	struck	unfit
hang	them	quack	encamp
dock	that	switch	expect

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In the words of this table final *e* lengthens the preceding vowel.

escape	dispose	confuse	sublime
compete	confide	compute	inquire
forgave	include	contrive	extreme
consume	obscure	inflate	exclude
conclude	endure	estate	console
dislike	forsake	dispute	explode
inhale	divide	excuse	inside
inflame	impede	incline	admire
intrude	inspire	invite	entire

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polite	recline	degrade	devise
provide	devote	promote	derive
describe	debate	repose	demure
beside	refuse	define	secure
seclude	unite	retire	before
deprive	decline	became	denote
precede	erase	behave	evade
provoke	profuse	despise	restore

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The following words contain *er*, *ur*, and *ir*:

perfect	differ	refer	observe
lantern	hermit	deserve	reverse
cavern	modern	perform	alert
servant	mermaid	prefer	invert
verdict	su perb′	infer	preserve
expert	converse	adverse	immerse
serpent	confer	insert	transfer

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surplus	burden	surname	dis turb′
turtle	burnish	murder	recur
burdock	surly	further	unhurt
furnish	Thursday	purchase	occur
urchin	burly	curly	unfurl
curdle	murmur	purple	incur

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dirty	thirsty	birthday	tapir
firmest	mirthful	skirmish	mirky
chirping	flirting	firkin	in firm′
sirloin	girdle	twirling	confirm

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In the following words the long sound of *a* is represented by *ai* or *ay*:

portrait	a wait′	detain	remain
retail	attain	obtain	portray
railway	maintain	bewail	complain
raiment	avail	dismay	domain
dainty	defray	disdain	sustain
payment	explain	abstain	betray

The following words illustrate the use of *ee* or *ea* to represent the long sound of *e*:

peevish	agree	asleep	esteem
meekness	appeal	degree	repeat
meeting	mislead	defeat	disease
needful	retreat	beseech	discreet
keenly	displease	redeem	bequeath
greedy	indeed	beneath	veneer
clearing	appear	entreat	decree
leaflet	endear	decrease	tureen
mis deed′	reveal	reveal	career
increase	release	between	bespeak

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The following words contain the long sound of *o*:

crocus	crony	glory	only
stolen	florist	hostess	a board′
hoary	turncoat	charcoal	encroach
coachman	inroad	oaken	bemoan
loafer	railroad	postscript	approach

The following words contain the long sound of *i*:

viper	hyphen	trial	decry
item	byword	re ly′	comply
migrate	hydrant	deny	ally
climax	hydra	reply	espy
briny	tyrant	good-by	supply
slyly	tyro	apply	defy

The following words contain the long sound of *u*:

duly	tumult	putrid	jewel
music	student	unit	jew's-harp
tulip	fuel	mildew	neuter
tunic	human	pewter	neutral
stupid	lunar	sinew	beauty
humid	pupil	steward	re new′

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The following words contain the diphthongs *oi* and *oy*:

toilet	poison	embroil	recoil
toiler	loyal	anoint	employ
loiter	royal	decoy	avoid
boiler	ointment	rejoin	enjoy
oyster	a droit′	destroy	annoy

The following words contain the digraphs *ou* and *ow*:

power	bounty	household	about
shower	foundry	re nown′	profound
bower	counter	avow	endow
tower	county	aloud	devout
powder	discount	account	confound
dowdy	compound	arouse	surround
drowsy	scoundrel	aground	devour

The following words contain the digraphs *au* and *aw*:

caucus	awning	auburn	be daub′
lawyer	drawing	pauper	because
lawful	awful	maudlin	default
brawny	gaudy	dawdle	defraud
drawer	caustic	August	withdraw

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After *d* and *t* the suffix *ed* forms an additional syllable.

lighted	blasted	crowded	dusted
bolted	frosted	braided	mended
salted	sounded	stunted	shielded
sprouted	roasted	toasted	counted
sanded	bottled	granted	fainted
wedded	banded	blended	printed

After the consonants *c*, *f*, *k*, *p*, *s*, *x*, *sh*, and *ch* the suffix *ed* is sounded like *t*.

wished	stuffed	slipped	danced
fished	scuffed	skipped	traced
flashed	snuffed	flapped	braced
hushed	kicked	blessed	placed
patched	picked	kissed	re placed′
hitched	flocked	missed	suppressed
vexed	locked	bossed	encamped
boxed	winked	tossed	rebuked
mixed	clipped	fussed	relaxed
fixed	stepped	crossed	rebuffed
waxed	clapped	dressed	enriched

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In nearly all cases not included in the preceding table final *ed* is pronounced like *d*.

freed	displayed	endowed	dismayed
agreed	employed	avowed	esteemed
hoed	enjoyed	carved	proposed
stewed	engraved	clawed	inclosed
hewed	behaved	buzzed	compelled
ensued	incurred	amazed	recalled
defied	occurred	grabbed	bragged
replied	referred	disturbed	flagged

The children should now be able to give the rule for soft *c* and *g*.

racy	cistern	giant	frigid
spicy	concert	fragile	ginger
cycle	cyclone	fidget	manger
tacit	parcel	giblets	virgin
census	circle	gypsy	porridge
cider	mercy	cartridge	lounger
cinder	circus	digit	postage
decent	acid	wager	storage

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The following list contains three-syllable words with the most common endings:

lazily	luckily	cozily	busily
wearily	easily	prettily	merrily
angrily	scantily	sleepily	daintily
unity	falsity	deity	quality
charity	gravity	dignity	brevity
cavity	trinity	scarcity	oddity
purity	vanity	sanity	laxity
every	finery	celery	fishery
grocery	gallery	bakery	flattery
bribery	battery	drapery	drudgery
fiery	misery	mystery	mockery
nursery	lottery	livery	shrubbery
slippery	tannery	surgery	robbery
eatable	taxable	parable	liable
syllable	curable	pliable	portable
payable	peaceable	durable	blamable
teachable	changeable	lovable	tamable
notable	salable	suitable	audible

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legible	flexible	possible	visible
burial	actual	capital	animal
usual	general	arsenal	funeral
gradual	federal	liberal	natural
mineral	festival	several	hospital
personal	terminal	punctual	criminal
agency	fluency	infancy	currency
decency	vacancy	secrecy	legacy
tendency	piracy	policy	courtesy
ecstasy	solvency	lunacy	pliancy
sanctify	beautify	clarify	magnify
falsify	rectify	justify	crucify
testify	specify	dignify	verify
mortify	signify	petrify	classify
notify	mystify	certify	stupefy
candidate	magistrate	mutilate	fumigate
instigate	suffocate	liberate	fascinate
arbitrate	speculate	emigrate	hesitate
imitate	separate	agitate	moderate
celebrate	irrigate	operate	cultivate

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poisonous	scientist	oculist
ludicrous	humorist	vocalist
organist	civilize	recognize
methodist	memorize	equalize
fertilize	sympathize	tantalize
paralyze	exercise	enterprise
merchandise	merriment	punishment
settlement	testament	tenement
ornament	boyishness	girlishness
foolishness	recklessness	shamelessness
harmlessness	carelessness	sleeplessness
hopelessness	goddesses	witnesses
princesses	mattresses	fortresses
perilous	ruinous	realize
fabulous	luminous	waitresses

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volcano	torpedo	denial
tornado	unequal	morocco
recital	soprano	tobacco
mosquito	piano	potato

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revival	cathedral	internal	fraternal
unjustly	politely	unduly	abruptly
correctly	extremely	completely	unkindly
intently	divinely	profoundly	serenely
precisely	concisely	remotely	profusely
electing	dividing	arriving	amazing
awaking	amusing	confirming	avoiding
believing	despising	behaving	arranging
explaining	concerning	advising	becoming
momentous	religious	desirous	stupendous
apartment	refinement	excitement	agreement
defeated	accepted	elected	excited
expected	included	invited	defended
corrected	provided	delighted	objected
awaited	avoided	consented	commanded
completed	enchanted	pretended	connected
terrific	heroic	elastic	narcotic
despotic	erratic	volcanic	gigantic
mechanic	fantastic	magnetic	angelic
pathetic	athletic	majestic	republic

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Care should be used that the child gives the correct pronunciation of final *a*.

opera	area	di plo'ma	veranda
gondola	retina	vanilla	banana
orchestra	cholera	piazza	hyena
mania	cupola	gorilla	umbrella
stamina	algebra	arena	bonanza

In the following words final *e* does not lengthen the preceding vowel:

granite	respite	captive	ex ten'sive
agile	reptile	engine	expensive
crevice	notice	practice	progressive
service	cornice	festive	exclusive
edifice	active	cowardice	defective
prejudice	promise	definite	attractive
masculine	justice	opposite	deceptive
infinite	precipice	genuine	instructive
requisite	orifice	discipline	receptive
heroine	avarice	favorite	expressive
medicine	licorice	exquisite	adhesive

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In the following words *ant* and *ent* are pronounced nearly alike:

confidant	consonant	consistent
ignorant	competent	apparent
occupant	argument	important
accident	monument	defendant
resident	a bun'dant	observant
permanent	triumphant	reluctant
diligent	incessant	indignant
confident	attendant	dependent
stimulant	proficient	imprudent

In the following words *ence* and *ance* are pronounced nearly alike:

essence	diligence	importance
providence	residence	performance
innocence	temperance	reliance
influence	de pend'ence	endurance
confidence	occurrence	annoyance
insolence	admittance	attendance
preference	assistance	appearance

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In the following words *er*, *or*, and *ar* are pronounced nearly alike:

carrier	vinegar	milliner	discolor
register	ocular	lecturer	successor
comforter	muscular	manager	conductor
prisoner	worshiper	murderer	inspector
customer	terrier	senator	translator
wanderer	carpenter	councilor	aggressor
orator	traveler	tabular	believer
similar	banister	angular	another
popular	gardener	globular	receiver
circular	blunderer	furrier	performer
barrier	stammerer	bachelor	professor
minister	governor	sur ren'der	confessor
character	linear	deliver	contractor
laborer	regular	creator	dishonor
cylinder	singular	assessor	protector
passenger	kidnaper	equator	oppressor
whisperer	officer	remember	endeavor
emperor	messenger	importer	redeemer

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In the following words *ph* is sounded like *f*:

phase	phrase	phlox
lymph	nymph	sphinx
naphtha	nephew	asphalt
syphon	orphan	pamphlet
phalanx	phantom	pharynx
phœnix	phenol	phial
sulphur	sulphate	physics
graphite	dolphin	graphic
prophet	triumph	trophy
typhoid	typhus	lithograph
telephone	stylograph	photograph
spherical	atmosphere	autograph
monograph	telegraph	blasphemy
symphony	orphanage	paragraph
elephant	emphasis	sophomore
euphony	paraphrase	Pharisee
pharmacy	phonograph	phosphorous
physical	prophetess	alphabet
physicist	prophecy	metaphor

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